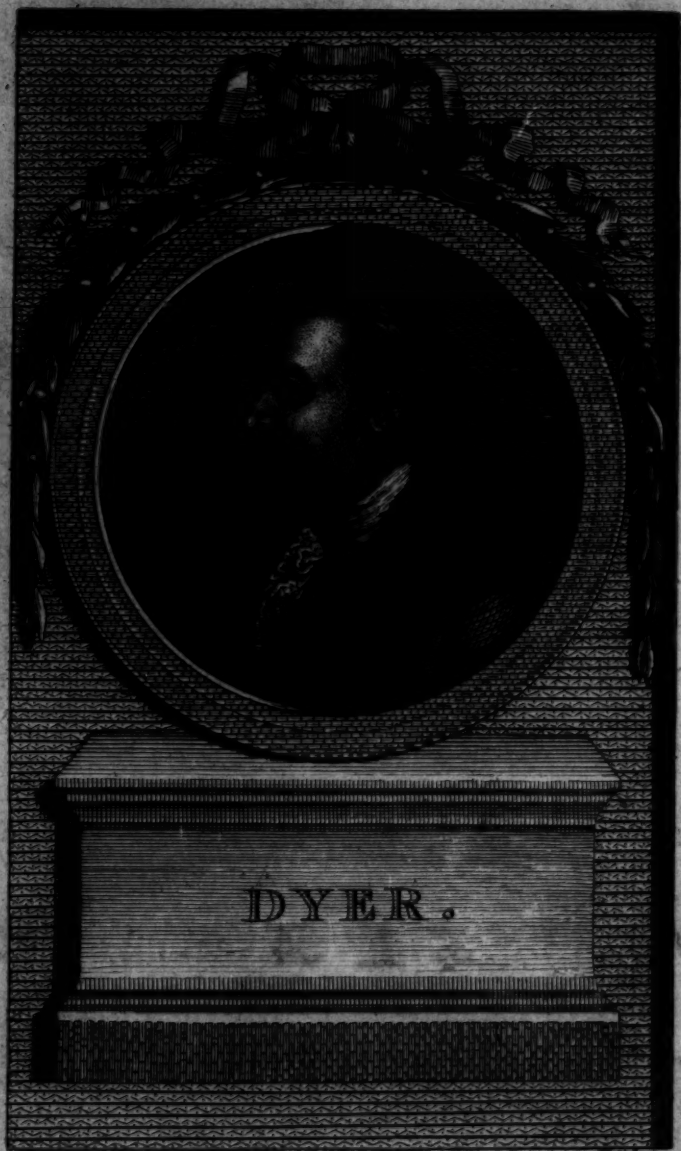
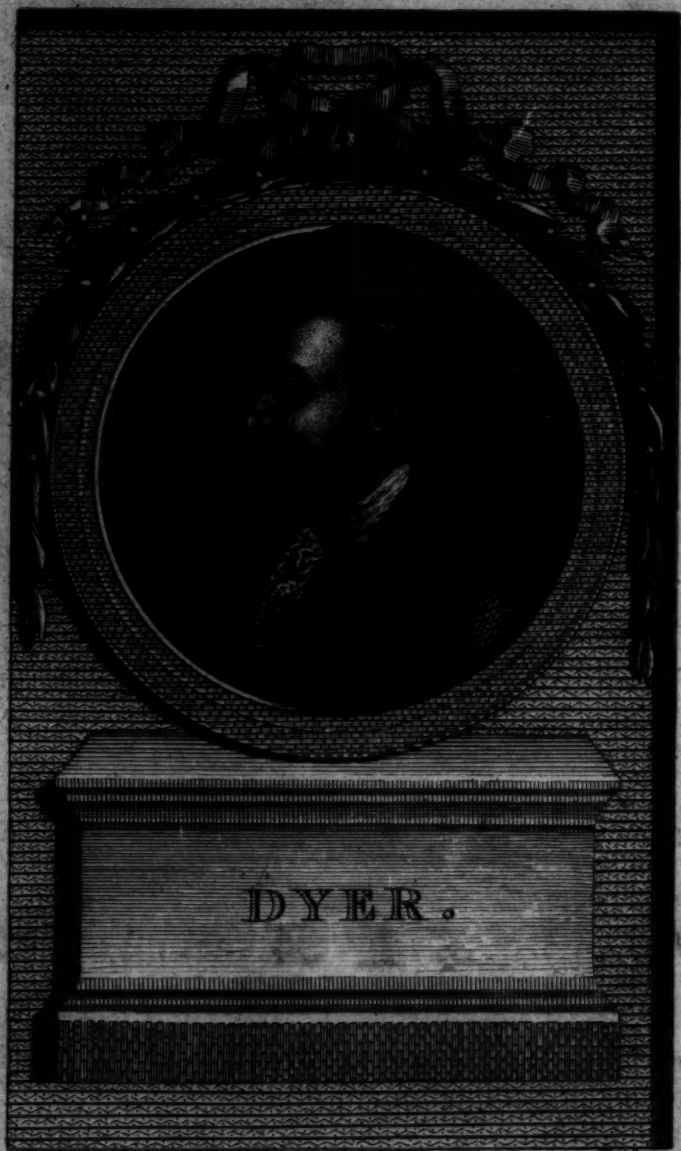




DYER.

FOR
TO
B.
D.



DYER.

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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-THIRD.

L O N D O N :

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M DCC LXXIX.

THE
WORKS
OF
THE
ENGLISH POETS
WITH
PREFACE
AND CRITICAL
NOTES



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1841.

THE
P O E M S
OF
D Y E R
AND
M A L L E T.



P O E M S.
BY
JOHN DYER, LL.B.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come, with all thy various dyes,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;

B

Grongar,

Grongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the modest Muses made, -
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill,
 Sate upon a flowery bed,
 With my hand beneath my head;
 While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill,
 Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 And vistas shooting beams of day:
 Wide and wider spreads the vale;
 As circles on a smooth canal:
 The mountains round, unhappy fate!
 Sooner or later, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skies,
 And lessen as the others rise:
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landkip lies below!
 No clouds, no vapours intervene;
 But the gay, the open scene,
 Does the face of Nature show,
 In all the hues of Heaven's bow!

And,

GRONGAR HILL.

3

And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies !
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires !
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads !
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks ?

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes :

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs,
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, Queen of Love !
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye !
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloath'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below ;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps ;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

And,

B 2

'Tis

DYER'S POEMS.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 'Tis now th' apartment of the toad ;
 And there the fox securely feeds ;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this broken pile compleat,
 Big with the vanity of state ;
 But transient is the smile of Fate !
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's-day,
 Is all the proud and mighty have
 Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers how they run,
 Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
 Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
 Wave succeeding wave, they go
 A various journey to the deep,
 Like human life, to endless sleep !
 Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
 To instruct our wandering thought ;
 Thus she dresses green and gay,
 To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
 When will the landskip tire the view !
 The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
 The woody vallies, warm and low ;

The

GRONGAR HILL.

5.

The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower ;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide ;
How close and small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meadows cross the eye !
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem ;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass ;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear ;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see :
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid ;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul :
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep;
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with musick fill the sky,
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
 Search for Peace with all your skill:
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor,
 In vain you search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads, and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side:
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

T H E R U I N S O F R O M E.

" Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,

" Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ:

" Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ

" Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?"

JANUS VITALIS.

ENOUGH of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy, Merlin's fabled haunt

I sung inglorious: Now the love of arts,

And what in metal or in stone remains

Of proud antiquity, through various realms

And various languages and ages fam'd,

Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds;

O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond

The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,

Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,

To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,

Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave

Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,

Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;

Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome.

Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all

Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,

The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;

Ev'n yet majestic: the solemn scene

Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun

Flames on the ruins in the purer air
 Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
 Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;
 Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
 Fanés roll'd on fanés, and tombs on buried tombs.

Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
 Immense along the waste; minuter art,
 Gliconian forms, or Phidian, subtly fair,
 O'erwhelming; as th' immense Leviathan
 'The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
 Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
 Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
 Grey-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercaſt
 The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
 And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
 The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
 Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
 Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
 At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
 Aghast the voice of time, disparting towers,
 Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
 Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon;
 While murmurs sooth each awful interval
 Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile*,
 Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
 And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks,
 Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
 'The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

Yet

* Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of
 those rivers.

R U I N S O F R O M E.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search,
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort,
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruins brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of isles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms.
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.

Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,

And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
 And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
 Flora's and Chloe's of delicious mould,
 Chearing the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
 And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
 Rustic and green and wide-embowering shades,
 Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers,
 A solemn wilderness! with error sweet,
 I wind the lingering step, where-e'er the path
 Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
 O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
 Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
 Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous Gods,
 Of Fear and Ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
 Hewn into form, and worship'd; as ev'n now
 Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths*
 In varied appellations: men to these
 (From deep to depth in darkening error fall'n)
 At length ascrib'd th' Inapplicable Name.

How doth it please and fill the memory
 With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
 Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
 And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
 Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
 Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
 And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
 His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought

Above

* Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

RUINS OF ROME.

11

Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
 Desponding Brutus, dubious of the fight,
 In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
 Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
 Be Tully's graceful attitude; unprais'd,
 His out-stretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
 Before the silent masters of the world,
 And eloquence arrays him. There behold
 Prepar'd for combat in the front of war
 The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
 In fearful expectation of the strife,
 And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
 Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
 In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
 Howe'er they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
 Their country calls to arms; now all in vain
 The mother clasps the knee, and ev'n the fair
 Now sweeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
 Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rouz'd;
 Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd,
 The Scipio's battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
 So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
 Deep-musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
 Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
 And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
 Of these fall'n piles with shew of sad decay
 Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
 The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow

We

We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct *
 The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
 With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
 And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
 Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
 Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
 Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Ægyptian plain:
 Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
 Though graceful Athens, in the vale beneath,
 Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
 Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools,
 And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
 Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
 Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
 Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
 Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
 While from the central floor the seats ascend
 Round above round, slow-widening to the verge;
 A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
 Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
 When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
 And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
 Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
 The fiery, maddened, tyrants of the wilds,
 Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
 And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
 By frequent converse with familiar death,

To

* From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
 To lock the breast, and steal th' obdurate heart
 Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
 Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
 Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
 Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd
 In ancient days, the page alone declares,
 Or narrow coin through dim cærulean rust.
 The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
 O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
 Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
 Half the round sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
 Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerable
 As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
 Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
 Too-prosperous Israel from his living strength.

And next regard yon venerable dome,
 Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
 Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
 Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
 Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace
 Before its ample orb, projected stands
 The many-pillar'd portal: noblest work
 Of human skill: here, curious architect,
 If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
 Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
 On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
 And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark

How

* The Capitol.

How far in hidden art, the noble plain
 Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
 Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
 How range the taper columns, and what weight
 Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
 Boasted their order, which Callimachus
 (Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
 Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
 Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
 Thinly conceal'd, the chapter inform'd.

See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
 One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
 Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
 And there the temple, where the summon'd state
 In deep of night conven'd: ev'n yet methinks
 The vehement orator in rent attire
 Persuasion pours, ambition sinks her crest;
 And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
 That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
 Shall treason walk? shall proud oppression yoke
 The neck of virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
 Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
 Parent of happiness, celestial-born;
 When the first man became a living foul,
 His sacred genius thou; be Britain's care;
 With her secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;

Thence

* The temple of Concord, where the senate met on
 Catiline's conspiracy.

Thence blefs mankind; while yet among her sons,
 Ev'n yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
 Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
 Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
 May others more delight in tuneful airs;
 In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
 Give with superior skill the living look;
 More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
 With warmer touch the visionary board:
 But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
 To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
 To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
 And various blessings of ingenious trade.
 Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
 Ever defend thee with undaunted heart.
 Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
 Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
 Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
 Teaches unwearied toil to cloath the fields,
 And on his various fruits inscribes the name
 Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
 By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
 And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
 And Libya bright, and all-enchancing Greece,
 Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
 Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
 (Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
 And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
 Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
 Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream

Of

Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes,
 Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer;
 And thine those piles * undeck'd, capacious, vast,
 In days of dearth where tender Charity
 Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
 Thine too those musically-falling founts,
 To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
 Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
 Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
 Turn their innumerable arches o'er
 The spacious desert, brightening in the sun,
 Proud and more proud in their august approach:
 High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
 Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
 And here united pour their silver streams
 Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
 Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
 And what beside felicity could tell
 Of human benefit: more late the rest;
 At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
 When impious tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.

Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome †
 Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
 With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
 There to their daily sports the noble youth
 Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;

To

* The public granaries.

† Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

To vault the steed ; or with the kindling wheel
 In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal ;
 Or wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
 Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet ;
 Or clash the lifted gauntlets : there they form'd
 Their ardent virtues : in the bossy piles,
 The proud triumphal arches ; all their wars,
 Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
 And see from every gate those ancient roads,
 With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame :
 Deserve they not regard ? O'er whose broad flints
 Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war ;
 So many poms ; so many wondering realms :
 Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er vallies rais'd,
 In even state, to distant seas around,
 They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
 Built by that prince, who to the trust of power *
 Was honest, the delight of human-kind.
 Three nodding isles remain ; the rest an heap
 Of sand and weeds ; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
 And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
 As from a shining sea, majestic rose
 An hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
 Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
 Charming the mimic painter : on the walls
 Hung Salem's sacred spoils ; the golden board,
 And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
 By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view

* Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
 Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
 Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
 Nigh where the Cestian pyramid divides *
 The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabrick huge,
 Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
 And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
 Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
 Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
 Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
 The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
 In the dun ruins of its ample halls, †
 Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
 Sink in comparison, minute and vile.

These, and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
 Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
 On Merlin's mount, or Snowden's rugged sides,
 Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
 After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
 Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
 From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
 And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
 Its hero to the skies: and his dark tower ‡
 Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
 And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
 Play'd

* The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

† The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

‡ Nero's.

Play'd to the flames; and Phoebus' letter'd dome;
 And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
 Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
 Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
 There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
 When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
 Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
 Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
 So time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
 From dust again to dust. Behold that heap
 Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
 Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
 And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
 Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
 Laments the same, the vision as he views,
 The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
 Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
 Blended in dust together; where the slave
 Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
 Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
 Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
 (I sing not to the vacant and the young)
 There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
 That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
 When tribulation cloaths the child of man,
 When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
 'Tis sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
 A gently-wakening call to health and ease.

C 2

How

* The Palatin library.

How musical ! when all-devouring Time,
 Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
 While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
 How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy !

Cool evening comes ; the setting sun displays
 His visible great round between yon towers,
 As through two shady cliffs ; away, my Muse,
 Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
 In vast variety, and yet delight

The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
 Half beauteous, half effac'd ; the traveller
 Such antique marbles to his native land
 Oft hence conveys ; and every realm and state
 With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
 Deck their long galleries and winding groves ;
 Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
 Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.

Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
 With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
 Of Maro's humble tenement ; a low
 Plain wall remains ; a little sun-gilt heap,
 Grotesque and wild ; the gourd and olive brown
 Weave the light roof : the gourd and olive fan
 Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
 Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
 Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd :
 Here flow'd his fountain ; here his laurels grew ;
 Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
 Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
 With Horace and the ruler of the world :

Happy

Happy Augustus! who so well inspir'd
 Could'st throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
 Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
 And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
 Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
 Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
 Or open mountain, or whatever scene
 The Poet chose, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
 Melodious; ev'n the rugged sons of war,
 Ev'n the rude hinds rever'd the Poet's name:
 But now—another age, alas! is ours—
 Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
 Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
 Since nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
 And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
 The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks
 Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint disdain.—

See'st thou yon fane? ev'n now incessant time *
 Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
 And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
 Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
 'Twas there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
 Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
 Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
 Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
 Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
 Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender limbs:
 So taught of Jove, ev'n the fell savage fed

C 3

Your

* The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
 The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
 Wrap'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
 Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
 And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
 Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
 Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
 Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
 Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
 Her spreading scenes enameling his waves,
 Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
 And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
 To Neptune's court with more majestic train.

Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
 Jealous; yet, soon by wondrous virtue won,
 They sink into her bosom. From the plough
 Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
 Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
 For then no private pomp, no household state,
 The public only swell'd the generous breast.
 Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
 Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
 How Manlius sav'd the capitol? the choice
 Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
 Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
 Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
 Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
 With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
 Along the flowery vallies? They, content,
 Feasted at nature's hand, indelicate,

Blithe,

Blithe, in their easy taste; and only fought
 To know their duties; that their only strife,
 Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
 They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
 Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death
 To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
 Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
 Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
 In vain the thunder of the battle roll'd,
 The Thunder of the battle they return'd
 Back on his Punick shores; till Carthage fell,
 And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
 With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
 Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
 In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
 Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
 Rouz'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
 Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
 Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
 The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
 Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
 Which seven brave years beneath the doubtless wing
 Of victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
 Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
 Triumph'd, till Fame was silent to their foes.

And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
 In proud security: the crested helm,
 The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd;
 Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
 But on the glittering trophy to the wind.

Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
 Till every sun annoys, and every wind
 Has chilling force, and every rain offends :
 For now the frame no more is girt with strength
 Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
 Laughs at the winter storm, and summer-beams,
 Superior to their rage : enfeebling vice
 Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
 To painful feeling : flowery bowers they seek
 (As æther prompts, as the sick sense approves)
 Or cool Nymphæan grots ; or tepid baths
 (Taught by the soft Ionians) they, along
 The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
 Pile in the roseat air with fond expence :
 Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
 And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
 Melodious murmuring ; while luxury
 Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
 Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.

Swift is the flight of wealth ; unnumber'd wants,
 Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
 Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
 The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
 And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
 Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
 Corinthian Thericles ; whate'er is known
 Of rarest acquisition ; Tyrian garbs,
 Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
 And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
 To slake Patrician thirst : for these, their rights.

In the vile streets they prostitute to sale;
 Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
 Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
 Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
 Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs:
 But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
 Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
 He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
 Didius, vile usurer, through the crowd he mounts,
 Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
 And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth,
 O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
 Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
 Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny how'er
 Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
 And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
 The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
 Of fifes and drums they dane'd, or in the shade
 Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
 Immortal Cæsar! Lo, a God, a God,
 He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
 Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
 Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
 Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
 To dogs and sycophants. A God, a God!
 The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.

But see along the north the tempest swell
 O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!

Sudden

* Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
 Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
 Their domes, their villas ; down the festive piles,
 Down fall their Pæan porches, gilded baths,
 And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.

Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
 Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
 And ease, and luxury ! O luxury,
 Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
 What dreary change, what ruin is not thine ?
 How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind !
 To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
 How dost thou lure the fortunate and great !
 Dreadful attraction ! while behind thee gapes
 Th' unfathomable gulph where Acher lies
 O'erwhelm'd, forgotten ; and high-boasting Cham ;
 And Elam's haughty pomp ; and beauteous Greece ;
 And the great queen of earth, imperial Rome.

T H E

THE
F L E E C E :

A
P O E M.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

“ Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio
“ est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem
“ referas : nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris vio-
“ lentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora
“ præbet velamina.”

COLUMELLA.

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A R G U M E N T.

THE subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general, fit for sheep: for fine-wool'd sheep: for long-wool'd sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tuppings-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various precepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

T H E

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
 And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
 Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
 And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
 Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
 To the great charge assigns : ye good, of all
 Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
 So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
 The wide felicities of labour learn :
 So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
 From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
 In empty foam retire. But chiefly Thou,
 The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
 Over the numerous swains of every vale,
 With well-permitted power, and watchful eye,
 On each gay field to shed beneficence,
 Celestial office ! Thou protect the song.
 On spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
 With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
 Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
 The fairest flocks rejoice ! they, nor of halt,
 Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain ;
 Evils deform'd and foul : nor with hoarse cough
 Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe :
 But, crouding to the note, with silence soft
 The close-woven carpet graze ; where Nature blends
 Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,
 Innocuous luxury. Wide airy downs
 Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.

All arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint,
 Or shells deluvian mingled; and the turf,
 That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
 Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
 Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
 Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
 And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
 And where the dappled deer delights to bound.

Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,
 And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
 Whose flocks innumerable whiten all the land:
 Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step
 Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
 Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
 And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton*,
 Health's chearful haunt, and the selected walk
 Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
 Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
 Where solitary Stonehenge, grey with moss,
 Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
 And ruddy tilth, which spiry Rofs beholds,
 From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
 And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft†;
 And such Harleian Eywood's‡ swelling turf,
 Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:

And

* A seat of Sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.

† A seat of Sir Archer Croft.

‡ Of the Earl of Oxford.

And Shobden*, for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria†, sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum‡; or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculean and Pompeian domes.

But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields

* A seat of Lord Bateman.

† Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c.

‡ Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now an high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.

In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.

Yet some defect in all on earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.

Too cold the grassy mantle of the marl,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.

Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,

To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.

Plough not such pastures: deep in spongy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.

Nor love too frequent shelter: such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern * wall'd,
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly brambles, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetrans †, who, along their mossy dales,

D

Con.

* Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.

† Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour;
 While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
 And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
 Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread
 Their dust saline upon the deepening grass:
 And oft with labor-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
 The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
 To intercept the small meandering rills
 Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that sour
 The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
 And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
 Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
 And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
 The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
 The little smiling cottage, where at eve
 He meets his rosy children at the door,
 Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
 With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
 To cheer his hunger after labour hard.

Nor only soil, there also must be found
 Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,
 Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price,
 In vain the silken fleece on windy brows,
 And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills
 Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
 Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
 Biscayan or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
 And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
 Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
 In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun

Libya's

Libya's hot plains : what taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold ? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves.
Ev'n Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Basely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.

How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire ! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.

Hail, noble Albion ! where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate : round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty :
Rich Queen of Mists and Vapours ! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress ; and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills,
Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.

See the sun gleams ; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower,

How beautiful ! how blue th' ethereal vault,
 How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks !
 Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
 So sleek, so vast ; such spacious flocks of sheep,
 Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
 What other paradise adorn but thine,
 Britannia ? happy, if thy sons would know
 Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
 Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
 And ports magnific add, and stately ships,
 Innumerable. But whither strays my Muse ?
 Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
 Arriv'd of bright Augusta : wild he roves,
 From deck to deck, through groves immense of masts ;
 'Mong crouds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind ;
 Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
 In sweet surprize ; unable yet to fix
 His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
 Each object singly ; with discoveries new
 His native country studious to enrich.

Ye shepherds, if your labours hope success,
 Be first your purpose to procure a breed,
 To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
 And clime, ev'n every tree and herb, receives
 Its habitant peculiar : each to each,
 The Great Invisible, and each to all,
 Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits :
 Tempestuous regions, Darwent's * naked peaks,

Snowden

* Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyshire.

Snowden * and blue Plynlymmon *, and the wide
 Aërial sides of Cader-yddris * huge ;
 These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
 Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
 Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or brouze
 Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
 O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal.
 But hills of milder air, that gently rise
 O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
 Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate ;
 Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
 Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
 Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
 Of elmy Rofs †, or Devon's myrtle vales,
 That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea ;
 Regard this sort, and hence thy fire of lambs
 Select : his tawny fleece in ringlets curls ;
 Long swings his slender tail ; his front is fenc'd
 With horns Ammonian, circulating twice
 Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
 That grace the columns of th' Ionic dome.

Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
 Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields ‡,
 Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
 Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street ;

D 3

That

* Snowden, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, high hills in North Wales.

† A town in Herefordshire.

‡ Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby, in Warwickshire, and Lutterworth, in Leicestershire.

That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain :
The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact describes
One level line along his spacious back ;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.

Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
That copies Nature ; who, in every change,
In each variety, with Wisdom works,
And powers diversify'd of air and soil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marl, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrene's sand, in climes alike,
With different stores supply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear ;
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their fleeces,
Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew : on Syrian sheep
The costly burden only loads their tails :
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn ; but sleek of flax, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caffee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool

Is grafs or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.

Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious: Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,
And swell too hastily the tender plains:
Then snatch away thy sheep; beware the rot;
And with deterfive bay-salt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In Hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;
Or to the marish guide their easy steps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art: the coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.

That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern; when on the listid lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink: ev'n yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
Again deterfive salt apply, or shed
The hoary medicine o'er their arid food.

In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the halt:
Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet

Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen.

But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,

'Twill serve to shift them to a dryer turf,

And salt again: th' utility of salt

Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold

Are the diseases of the bleating kind.

Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes

Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd

Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil

Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd

By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence

Explor'd its powers, and easy medicine thence

Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,

Invoke eternal blessings on his head.

Sheep also pleurifies and dropsies know,

Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,

Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,

Whom sacred Instinct would securely lead.

But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates

Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,

From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;

Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.

Rain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek

Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.

By their All-perfect Master inly taught,

They best their food and physick can discern;

For He, Supreme Existence, ever near,

Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe

With what a regular consent they crop,

At

At every fourth collection to the mouth,
Unsavory crow-flower; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom nature loves,
And with her salutary rules entrusts,
Benevolent Mackenzie *, say the cause.
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason (blush, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of nature's vast machine.

See that thy scip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy sheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return:
So may'st thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months: ev'n age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.

Beware the season of imperial love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;

Ev'n

* Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drumsugh, near Edinburgh.

Ev'n sheep are then intrepid : the proud ram
 With jealous eye surveys the spacious field ;
 All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
 Suddenly rages ; with impetuous force,
 And fury irresistible, they dash
 Their hardy frontlets ; the wide vale resounds ;
 The flock amaz'd stands safe afar ; and oft
 Each to the other's might a victim falls :
 As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
 Which hence ambition imitative wrought,
 The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.
 Wise custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
 Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth of orient morn,
 Castrates the lambkins ; necessary rite,
 Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
 But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
 In those rough months, that lift the turning year :
 Not tedious is the office ; to thy aid
 Favonius hastens ; soon their wounds he heals,
 And leads them skipping to the flowers of May ;
 May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
 Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
 Worn by the plough : but fold on fallows dry.
 Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land :
 Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners croud :
 Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy morn
 Lies on the reeking pasture ; wait till all
 The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
 Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
 With various clouds to paint the azure sky.

In teizing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes *; 'tis not idle pains:
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool.
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to foil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and chearly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick æther's motion: oft the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; these the moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe:
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted-hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels.
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm:

There

* The inhabitants of Yorkshire.

There let them sojourn, till gay Procne skims
 The thickening verdure, and the rising flowers.
 And while departing autumn all embrowns
 The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
 Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
 Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
 Or some warm umbrage; lest, in erring fright,
 When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
 Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
 Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
 Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
 In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste;
 And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
 Drooping, ev'n at the twelfth cold dreary day,
 With still continued feeble pulse of life;
 The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
 Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
 Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
 But spread around thy tenderest diligence
 In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
 Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
 Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
 Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
 O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
 Th' innumerable ills that rush around his life;
 Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
 Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
 Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
 There the sly fox the careless minute waits;

Nor

Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky :
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide :
Eurus oft slings his hail ; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food ; and oft the dam
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning : to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk :
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport :
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers,
Nor yet forget him : life has rising ills :
Various as æther is the pastoral care :
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention : such as Nuceus sings,
To the full vale near Soar's * enamour'd brook,
While all is silence : sweet Hinclean swain
Whom rude obscurity severely clasps :
The Muse, how'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep

* Soar, a river in Leicestershire.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
 Spread foes cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat
 The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
 Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
 In littleness and number dreadful foes.
 Long rains in mity winter cause the halt;
 Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
 And all excess, ev'n of salubrious food,
 As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf.
 Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
 Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
 Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
 Lo, in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
 Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
 Of winter irresistible o'erwhelms
 Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
 That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
 And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
 A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours,
 That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
 Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
 Of foetid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
 Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
 Twice three slow gloomy months, with various ills
 Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
 His lank and scanty herds around him press,
 As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
 The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
 Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains,

Ye,

Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or croud the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips : little care is yours ;
Only, at morning hour, to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watery juices of the bossy root
Absorbing : or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require ; where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas ! o'er warmer zones
Wild terror strides : their stubborn rocks are rent ;
Their mountains sink ; their yawning caverns flame ;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging ; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

See the swift furies, famine, plague, and war,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide :
Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming smile
Among embracing woods ; and waft on high

The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
 Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
 In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.
 Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
 And Tarentine, with skins to cloath your sheep;
 Expensive toil; howe'er expedient found
 In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
 They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
 But those expensive toils are now no more,
 Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
 Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
 Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
 The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
 Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
 Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds
 Her venerable ruins to the dust.

The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
 Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
 And shift their little home's uncertain scene
 With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
 As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
 May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
 Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
 In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
 Daily they journey to the distant clefts
 Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
 The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
 Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
 Themselves and long posterity to serve.
 There, at the public hour of sultry noon,

They

They share the beverage, when to watering come,
 And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
 And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
 The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
 Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
 To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
 In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
 Fair Rachael's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
 From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd,
 And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.

Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
 In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse,
 Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
 On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
 Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
 Of high Brigantium*, where, by ruddy flames,
 Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
 The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
 Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
 Flattening the steel; from their rough hands receive
 The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
 Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
 Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
 To yellow crow-foot, and luxuriant grass,
 Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,

E

Drive

* The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the shepherds shears and all edge-tools are made.

Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one; into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sinks,
With his white flakes, that glisten through the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.

Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Left touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 'tis the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of heaven: adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steep
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:

Down

Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.

At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbor all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring cords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.

While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewell to the sinking hills.

Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides

Of blue-topp'd Wreakin *! Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.

" This is no vulgar scene : no palace-roof

" Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise

" Their polish'd pillars; as these aged oaks,

" Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports

" Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,

" Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,

" Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,

" Rising and falling with the chearful day,"

Colin reply'd ; " and pleasing weariness

" Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.

" Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,

" The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,

" And the diseases of intemperate wealth.

" Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!

" May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,

" May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white

" lambs,

" Which, with a pretty innocence of look,

" Skip on the green, and race in little troops ;

" May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hills,

" And streams around variety of lights,

" Recall them erring : this is Damon's wish,

" Huge

* A high hill in Shropshire.

" Huge Breaden's * stony summit once I climb'd
 " After a kidling : Damon, what a scene !
 " What various views unnumber'd spread beneath !
 " Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent
 " floods;
 " And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
 " The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
 " Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
 " Where stenchy vapours often blot the sun :
 " Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crouds
 " Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
 " Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
 " Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
 " Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
 " And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
 " We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
 " Our snowy flocks, and wind the flecky fleece."

" " Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
 Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
 " Well of the faithful shepherd, rank'd alike
 " With king and priest : they also shepherds are;
 " For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind
 " Elated man, forgetful of his charge."

" But haste, begin the rites : see purple Eve
 " Stretches her shadows : all ye nymphs and swains
 " Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
 " Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
 " Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear

E 3

" Skirts

* A hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.

- " Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds ;
 " Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
 " Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
 " Among her sisters she reclines ; the lov'd
 " Vaga *, profuse of graces, Ryddol * rough,
 " Blithe Yftwith *, and Clevedoc * swift of foot ;
 " And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,
 " In the divided torrents, ere they burſt
 " Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
 " roll.
 " Nor taint-worm ſhall infect the yeaning herds,
 " Nor penny-graſs, nor ſpearwort's poiſonous leaf."

He ſaid : with light fantaſtic toe, the nymphs
 Thither aſſembled, thither every ſwain ;
 And o'er the dimpled ſtream a thouſand flowers,
 Pale lilies, roſes, violets, and pinks,
 Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
 And trefoil, ſprinkled with their ſportive arms.

Such cuſtom holds along th' irriguous vales,
 From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn †,
 Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet ſhe fled
 The ſearch of Guendolen, her ſtepdame proud,
 With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly chear,
 Spread on a moſſy bank, untouch'd abides,

Till

* Vaga, Ryddol, Yftwith, and Clevedoc, rivers, the ſprings of which riſe in the ſides of Plynlymmon.

† Dolvoryn, a ruinous caſtle in Montgomeryſhire, on the banks of the Severn.

Till cease the rites : and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly chear
Dispers'd in copious measure, early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind ;
Steep'd grain, and cordled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes ; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays : their little-ones
Look on delighted : while the mountain-woods,
And winding vales, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes : near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe : the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and coppy banks
To listen ; and to view the joyous scene.

Book I. THE FLEECE.
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THE FLEECE.
BOOK II.
ARGUMENT.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece : skill in the assorting of it ; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields : inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errors concerning the wool of England : its real excellencies ; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures : yet all pastures improveable ; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages : their revjval, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for cloathing. The wool

wool of our island, peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dying of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

NOW, of the sever'd lock, begin the song,
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Cease not with skilful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and woods, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And he, whom Learning, Wisdom, Candor, Grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his fire,
Royston approve, and patronize the strain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay.
For him their udders yield nectareous streams;
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 'tis the brute beyond:

And

And gluttons ever murder, when they kill.
 Ev'n to the reptile every cruel deed
 Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
 Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
 All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
 Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
 Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
 Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands
 Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
 Come, gentle swains, the bright unsully'd locks
 Collect: alternate songs shall sooth your cares,
 And warbling music break from every spray.
 Be faithful; and the genuine locks alone
 Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
 Stain not your stores with base desire to add
 Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic those,
 Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield*,
 Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
 Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
 Left busy æther through the open wool
 Debilitating pass, and every film
 Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
 Guard too from moisture, and the fretting moth
 Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
 Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
 But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
 And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
 Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent

Allur'd;

* The country about Ross, in Herefordshire.

Allur'd ; as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage : such apart
Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors
Selected such, for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chace of wolves return'd.

When many-colour'd Evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer, late afield
His scatter'd sheaves collecting ; then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome ; they traverse every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes :
Reject them not ; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures : let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads roll nodding ; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready diligence,
The grateful burden to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.

In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of want : their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive

Each

Each nation's outcasts : there the tender eye
 May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
 And unrejected age ; ev'n childhood there
 Its little fingers turning to the toil
 Delighted : nimbly, with habitual speed,
 They sever lock from lock, and long, and short,
 And soft, and rigid, pile in several heaps.
 This the dusk hatter asks ; another shines,
 Tempting the clothier ; that the hosier seeks ;
 The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs ;
 But often it deceives the artist's care,
 Breaking unuseful in the steely comb :
 For this long spongy wool no more increase
 Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields :
 The growth of Autumn stops : and what though Spring
 Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
 The texture ? yet in vain she strives to link
 The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
 Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
 From Winter's deadening frosts and whelming snows :
 Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
 While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
 And swell their fleeces, equal to the worth
 Of cloath'd Apulian *, by soft warmth improv'd :
 Or let them inward heat and vigor find,
 By food of cole or turnep, hardy plants.

Besides,

* The shepherds of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica,
 used to cloath their sheep with skins, to preserve and
 improve their fleeces.

Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.

But lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: inclose, inclose, ye swains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: besides, in fields
Promiscuous held, all culture languishes;
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
Dull waters rest upon the rusty flats
And barren furrows: none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge
To shield the flock, nor copse for chearing fire;
And, in the distant village, every hearth
Devours the grassy sword, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.

There

There are, who over-rate our spongy stores,
 Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
 To spread upon its fields the dews of heaven,
 And feed the silky fleece; that card, nor comb,
 The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
 To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
 Unless a third from Britain swell the heap;
 Illusion all; though of our sun and air
 Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
 Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem;
 The grain of brightest tincture none so well
 Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this
 Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

And though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
 No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
 Can dye the living fleece; yet 'twill avail
 To note their influence in the tinging vase.
 Therefore from herbage of old-pastur'd plains,
 Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
 Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
 Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
 The miry soil appears: not ev'n the streams
 Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
 Their frequent-sully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
 Keen-biting on tempestuous hills, inbrown.
 Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
 Of Nature's rigor: the high heath, by trees
 Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms;
 Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
 And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.

Labor

Labor and Art will every aim atchieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level *, erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform ;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph ;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Ruffel, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams :
God-like beneficence ; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove !

But see Jerne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear : ev'n such perfidious wilds,
By labor won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'Tis Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates : 'tis Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple ; decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect ? There was a time,

When

* In Cambridgeshire.

When other regions were the swains delight,
 And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
 Inglorious, neither trade nor labor knew,
 But of rude baskets, homely rustic gear,
 Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
 The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
 Of patient Culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
 High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
 And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake,
 Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives;
 And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
 O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.

In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
 In bleeting sheepfolds met, for purest wool
 Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd,
 And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
 Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides:
 Twice with the murex' crimson hue they ting'd
 The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
 And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.

Next busy Colchis, blest'd with frequent rains,
 And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
 Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
 Of fair inhabitants) improv'd the fleece;
 When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
 The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.

This, rising Greece with indignation view'd,
 And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
 Lofly and bold: along Peneüs' banks,
 Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,

He

He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.

Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.

From every region of *Ægea's* shore

The brave assembled ; those illustrious twins,

Castor and Pollux ; *Orpheus*, tuneful bard ;

Zetes and *Calais*, as the wind in speed ;

Strong *Hercules* ; and many a chief renown'd.

On deep *Iolcos*' sandy shore they throng'd,

Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits ;

And soon, the laurel cord, and the huge stone

Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark ;

Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand

Of *Argus* fashion'd for the proud attempt ;

And in th' extended keel a lofty mast

Up-rais'd, and sails full-swelling ; to the chiefs

Unwanted objects : now first, now they learn'd

Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,

Led by the golden stars, as *Chiron's* art

Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad

Expands the purple deep : the cloudy isles,

Scyros and *Scopelos*, and *Icos*, rise,

And *Halonefos* : soon huge *Lemnos* heaves

Her azure head above the level brine,

Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs :

While they, her flattering creeks and opening bowers

Cautious approaching, in *Myrina's* port

Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.

Next to the *Myſian* shore they shape their course,

But with too eager haste : in the white foam

His oar *Alcides* breaks ; howe'er, not long

The chance detains ; he springs upon the shore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal : then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach ; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold passage : nathless by the craggs
And torrents sorely shatter'd : as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' intangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind.
Thus, through the wide waves, their slow way they force
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves ;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd : the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury : around,

In

In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,
Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance.
Ev'n Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and Beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
Nimble they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant shunn'd
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats;
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying day.

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
 And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem;
 And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
 Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
 And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
 Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
 Through solitary vallies seeks the sea.
 Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
 High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
 Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
 Those too of Boetica's delicious fields,
 With golden fruitage blest'd of highest taste,
 What need I name? The Turdetanian tract,
 Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
 The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd
 A ram's equivalent. Then only Tin
 To late-improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving course of mighty time,
 Who lofsiness abases, tumbles down
 Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
 Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
 The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
 The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
 Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
 And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
 Or sunny meadows, cloath'd with costly care?
 All in the solitude of ruin lost,
 War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust.

Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
 In gloomy desolation, till appear'd

Beauteous

Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulph her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every Virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the chearful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem:
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Cassimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The paradise of Indus. Next, the plains
Of Lahor, by that arbor stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worship'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous trade.

Add too the silky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chae'd
 The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
 Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
 Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
 On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
 Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
 On Vesta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
 With all its thunders: or Salopian stores,
 Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
 High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
 Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
 Preys on its carpet: He*, whose rustic Muse
 O'er heath and craggyholt her wing display'd,
 And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
 Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
 Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
 Or rich Leicestria's marly plains, for length
 Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
 Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
 But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
 While ev'n the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
 With bossy turnep, and luxuriant cole,
 Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed.
 Ingenious trade! to cloath the naked world,
 Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
 From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
 Collects sagacious: in Eubœa's isle
 A wondrous rock † is found, of which are woven

Vests

* Drayton.

† The Asbestos.

Vests incombustible : Batavia, flax ;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane ;
Soft Persia, silk ; Balafor's shady hills
Tough bark of trees ; Peruvian Pito, grass ;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shaggy goat
Are light tiaras woven, that wreath the head,
And airy float behind : the beaver's flax
Gives kindest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood flow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For numerous uses known : none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure ;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burdening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes : Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth :
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the batter's use.

Ev'n in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering : Apacheria's * glades,
And Canfes' *, echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While time shakes down his sands,

F 4

And

* Provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.

And works continual change, be none secure :
 Quicken your labors, brace your slackening nerves,
 Ye Britons ; nor sleep careless on the lap
 Of bounteous Nature ; she is elsewhere kind.
 See Mississippi lengthen-on her lawns,
 Propitious to the shepherds : see the sheep *
 Of fertile Arica †, like camels form'd ;
 Which bear huge burdens to the sea-beat shore,
 And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.

Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use ;
 They cloath the mountain carl, or mariner
 Laboring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
 While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
 All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear ;
 Nor what, from fleece Rataean ‡, mimic flowers
 Of rich Damascus : many a texture bright
 Of that material in Prætorium § woven,
 Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.

If any wool peculiar to our isle
 Is given by Nature, 'tis the comber's lock,
 The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
 Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
 This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
 From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
 Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
 When Nature wide around him lies supine

And

* These sheep are called Guanapos.

† A province of Peru.

‡ The fleeces of Leicestershire.

§ Coventry.

And silent, in the tangles soft invol'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale moon illumines the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvas, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.

Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune * or Coker † wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides
With copious fleeces of Ierne shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes—To this lov'd end,
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all nature's stores, woods, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp

The

* A river in Cumberland.

† A river in Lancashire.

The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Power
(The Power, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds towery cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man's born
For the high business of the public good.

For me, 'tis mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart,
And chearful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may sooth distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wish!
'Tis mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.

For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,

And

Book II. THE FLEECE.

And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:
 Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
 To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
 Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
 Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
 And China's long canals; those noble works,
 Those high effects of civilizing trade,
 Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
 Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
 But also mindful, thus devising good,
 At vacant seasons, oft; when evening mild
 Purples the vallies, and the shepherd counts
 His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
 With dumb complacence: for Religion, this,
 To give our every comfort to distress,
 And follow virtue with an humble mind;
 This pure Religion. Thus, in elder time,
 The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
 And slumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
 With inspiration, after various thought,
 And trials manifold, his well-known voice
 Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
 With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb,
 Shew'd how the fleece might stretch to greater length,
 And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;
 Matrons and maids with songs reliev'd their toils;
 And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
 What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bless
 Thy teaching hand? Thy bosom, like the morn,

Opening

Opening its wealth? What nation did not seek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs?

Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly feasts: through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
Denoting labor's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout;
Then servient youth, and magisterial old;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the commonweal;
And to the board of smiling plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only tastes the feast, by nerveless ease
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;
And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience, that sometimes arise;
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's dawn
Rouses to labor, man to labor born.

Then the sleek brightening lock, from hand to hand,
Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.

For it suffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool:
Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast;
Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals, to stain

The

The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, absterfivè or reſtringent; how
Steel caſts the ſable; how pale pewter, fuſ'd
In fluid ſpirit'ous, the ſcarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mixt, or chang'd,
By mediums colourleſs: why is the fume
Of ſulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious eſſe: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, thoſe except that ſhine
With topaz, ſapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though nature's face is cloath'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.

To find effects, while cauſes lie conceal'd,
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er, kind chance
Oft with equivalent diſcovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German ſage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the ſecret ſource of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimſon ſtore.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the firſt who brought
Tin's uſeful ore from Albion's diſtant iſle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant ſheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex ſtrike a purple ſtain,

The

The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.

Our vallies yield not, or but sparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here, or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives chearing cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodnefs, unconfin'd,
'Tis trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There, in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,

Humiliating

Humiliating the mind enlarg'd ; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with trade through various climes ;
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked, and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice : who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires ;
The dust of Carthage ; desert shores of Nile ;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately towers ; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts ;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar, brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks, and bleating lambs ;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint,
And flowering shuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her streets ; ah ! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not ev'n the ruins of her pomp, remain ;
Not ev'n the dust they sunk in ; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent offended hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep :
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient scite ; a monument to those,
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

THE
F L E E C E.

B O O K III.

A R G U M E N T.

INTRODUCTION. Recommendation of labor. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dying of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country-workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labors of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving: its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those, who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants,

habitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our manufactures: other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

PROCEED, Arcadian Muse; resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long disus'd, though sweet the tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder sound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muses' haunts.

So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve, O Heathcote, whose benevolence
Visits our vallies; where the pasture spreads,

And where the bramble ; and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle want
And vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. Ev'n nature lives by toil :
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action : nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin : man is born to care,
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labor. This of old,
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation ; and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought ;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple nature yields
(And nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbrous on the thorny ground ;
'Tis toil that makes them wealth ; that makes the fleece
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps) ;
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills ;
Grey dawn appears ; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires ; arise, begin your toils ;

Behold

Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.

Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material: with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle: On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently-lessening thread:
Even, unknotted twine, will praise your skill.

As different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.

There are, to speed their labor, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A several line: and many, yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icanian * towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince

G-2

A golden

* The Icani were the inhabitants of Suffolk.

A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
 Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
 Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
 Led to ingenious use. But patient art,
 That on experience works, from hour to hour,
 Sagacious, has a spiral engine * form'd,
 Which, on an hundred spoles, an hundred threads,
 With one huge wheel, by lapse of water, twines,
 Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
 That copiously supplies the greedy loom.

Nor hence, ye Nymphs, let anger cloud your brows;
 The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd:
 Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
 Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
 Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
 These curious instruments of speed obtain
 Various advantage, and the diligent
 Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
 Which, ever-gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
 Nor, should the careful State, severely kind,
 In every province, to the house of toil
 Compel the vagrant, and each implement
 Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
 Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
 Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise,
 Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs
 The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
 While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,

And

* Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quavers the choicest of his sonnets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.

The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich industry. First, he bespeaks a loom:
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The smith, with iron-screws, and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.

Various professions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Toss'd over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,
The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?

Next, the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-side,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,

And sits before the work : from hand to hand
 The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
 Which open to the woof, and shut altern
 And ever and anon, to firm the work,
 Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
 That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
 Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
 Compacts the traveller's road : from hand to hand
 Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
 The thready shuttle, while the web apace
 Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
 Spread by the rosy fingers of the morn;
 And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.

Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
 He chuses some companion to his toil.
 From side to side, with amicable aim,
 Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
 While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
 Kindles improvement in the opening mind.

What need we name the several kinds of looms?
 Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
 Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
 The artist's hand : he, unseen flowers, and trees,
 And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
 Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
 Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs :
 Modern invention : modern is the want.

Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
 Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
 Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd ;

Where

Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.

Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid sun
Its level surface, recking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.

Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mix'd, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,

Ere the melodious nightingale begins.

From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs;
Beauteous emerge; from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And those the warrior mark, and those the priests.

Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues arise.

That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.

But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
And who enquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; grasp in every art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's stand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.

Now

Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successful oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps; while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.

O when, through every province, shall be rais'd,
Houses of labor, seats of kind constraint,
For those, who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in chearful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigor shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. Ev'n now the sons of Trade,
Where-e'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion*: here soft fleeces shine;

The

* This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
 Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
 No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
 Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
 To heal each sickness the physician waits,
 And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.

Behold, in Calder's* vale, where wide around
 Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
 A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.
 High o'er the open gates, with gracious air,
 Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
 Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
 And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
 The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
 Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion
 quick,

And ever-murmuring sound, th' unwonted sense
 Wrap in surprize. To see them all employ'd,
 All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
 As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
 Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
 Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
 From day to day intent, in their full minds
 Evil no place can find. With equal scale
 Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
 These card the short, those comb the longer flake;

Others

* A river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax,
 and passes by Wakefield.

Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
 Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
 And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
 Excite their diligence. The younger hands
 Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
 On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
 Warble together, as a choir of larks:
 Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
 Another scene displays the more robust,
 Rasping or grinding tough-Brasilian woods,
 And what Campeachy's disputable shore
 Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
 And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
 Equal the honey-comb. We next are shown
 A circular machine *, of new design,
 In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
 Without the tedious toil of needle's hands.
 A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
 To every member of th' harmonious frame
 Gives necessary motion. One, intent,
 O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
 Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
 Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
 Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
 Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.

From this delightful mansion (if we seek
 Still more to view the gifts which honest toil

* A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul.
 It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be
 made to spin fine carded wool.

Distributes) take we now our eastward course;
 To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around
 Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile :
 And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
 Of busy Leeds, up-wasting to the clouds
 The incense of thanksgiving : all is joy;
 And trade and business guide the living scene,
 Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
 Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
 On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
 As when a sunny day invites abroad
 The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
 In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work;
 O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
 With warm affection to each other's aid;
 Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
 Thus all is here in motion, all is life :
 The creaking wain brings copious store of corn :
 The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads :
 The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
 Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
 Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
 The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,
 And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
 Beneath the chissel, beauteous shapes assume
 Of frize and column. Some, with even line,
 New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
 And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
 Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
 And the straw cottage to a palace turns,

Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffick, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.

Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.

But chearful are the labors of the loom,
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state,
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves

(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
 Pale Palfy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
 Behold arising, in their fattening flocks;
 A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
 Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
 Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
 Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,
 Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
 Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
 Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
 To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
 Give cloathing to necessity; keep warm
 Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain-wild
 Benighted, while the tempest beats around.

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
 Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
 Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
 To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.
 Can ye defend your country from the storm
 Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,
 In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
 Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
 Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
 Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
 Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
 Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
 Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
 And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
 New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
 The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds

To which their hardy labors well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; she, from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus, around the globe,
The golden-footed sciences their path
Mark, like the sun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile vallies of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza, to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Ægypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their seats
Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's towers;

Some

Some to the Darent sped their happy way;
 Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
 Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
 Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
 Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
 Soon, o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
 With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
 And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd;
 Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
 Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
 Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
 With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
 Of Cambria, deep-embay'd, Dimetian land,
 By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
 Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
 The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
 Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
 And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
 Where ivy'd-walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
 Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
 Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
 From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
 Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
 Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
 Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
 Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs
 Their industry, and urges them to vales
 Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
 Inspirited, their art improves the fleece,

Which

Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains, misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd those,
Whose virtues taught the varlety of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when bigotry's black clouds arise,
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They, from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of Truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Where-ever they inhabit: this, our isle
Has oft experienc'd; witness all ye realms
Of either hemisphere, where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is stamp'd on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impression; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crySTALLINE metal, blown or fus'd,

Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
 Of mossy marble : not to name the aids
 Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
 With flax, or cotton, or the silk-worm's thread,
 And gain the graces of variety :
 Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
 Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's * nymphs;
 Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
 Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They too the many-colour'd arras taught
 To mimic nature, and the airy shapes
 Of sportive fancy : such as oft appear
 In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
 Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field ;
 Or that, o'er-shaded erst by Woodstock's bower,
 Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
 Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
 With Marlborough's wars : here Schellenbergh exults,
 Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep,
 And vales of trenches dark ; each hideous pass
 Armies defend ; yet on the hero leads
 His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
 Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
 And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
 Crowding beneath his shield : there, Ramillies'

Important

* There is woven at Manchester, for the East-Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton ; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

Important battle : next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah, then, what power
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields : but old the skill :
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd ;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials : the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.
Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.

But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted : numbers raise
Warm emulation : where that virtue dwells,
There will be Traffick's seat ; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains,
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation : the whole world receive,
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,

Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprizing, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her task?

No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labors of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and
Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandizing Hull,
And

And Swale, and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep;
Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring
wave
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Usk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wild torrents, craggs, and woods, and mountain snows.
The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labors on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far distant from the masted wharf.
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythraean gulph:

Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd an hundred streams,
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.

Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone parted, woo to join
Majestic Thamisis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and those, who o'er the grots preside,
Whose stores bituminous, with sparkling fires,
In Summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along: Ev'n now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burden'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamisis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth

And

And constant as his stream : in growing pomp,
 By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
 To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
 Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
 Gives audience to the world : the strand around
 Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
 What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!!
 Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds.

Book III. THE FLEET.
THE
F L E E T.

BOOK IV.

A R G U M E N T.

OUR manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the Coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburg. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-islands, and of China. Traffick at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Peking, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's-Bay impracticable. Enquiries for an easier passage into

into the Pacific ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

NOW, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main;
A floating forest: every sail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and glids the azure sky:
Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel;
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mountain prow
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow founts by some are fought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hands,
Which copious gives return: while some explore
Deep Finnic gulphs, and a new shore and mart,
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter, whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach:

Of Rumney marish and Rye's silent port,
 By angry Neptune clos'd; and Vecta's isle,
 Like the pale moon in vapour faintly bright:
 An hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
 Devon's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount;
 Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
 Yet steady o'er the waves they steer, and now
 The fluctuating world of waters wide,
 In boundless magnitude, around them swells;
 O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
 Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears;
 But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
 Millions of leagues aloft: heaven's azure vault
 Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
 Uninterrupted clear circumference;
 Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the cape
 Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
 Again, and oft, th' adventurous sails disperse;
 These to Iberia, others to the coast
 Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharvis deem'd
 Of Solomon; fair regions; with the webs
 Of Norwich pleas'd, or those of Manchester;
 Light airy cloathing for their vacant swains,
 And visionary monks. We, in return,
 Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
 Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
 And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
 Spur of activity, to good or ill
 Powerful incentive: or Hesperian fruits,

Fruits

Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.

Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage through
The gates of Hercules *, find many seas,
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft, to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rills.
Such are th' effects, when virtue slackens her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along these shores
Neglected trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of luxury. Ev'n Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in those glittering seas with splendor rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.

* The freights of Gibraltar.

To these resort the delegates of trade,
 Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
 And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
 Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
 Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
 Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
 Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
 On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill
 Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
 That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'tis not—
 Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
 Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
 'Tis he, who pours into the shops of trade
 That impious poison: it is he, who gains
 The sacred seat of parliament by means,
 That viciate and emasculate the mind;
 By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
 Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
 This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
 And all the brotherhood of life, bewail.

Meantime (while those, who dare be just, oppose
 The various powers of many-headed vice)
 Ye delegates of trade, by patience rise
 O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
 Note what is found of use: the flix of goat,
 Red-wool, and balm, and caffee's berry brown,
 Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
 Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
 By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.

Nor

Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander flow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue, and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: oh, could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic art and nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your searches, with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabeian frankincense
Rare is collected now: few altars smoke
Now in the idol fane: Panchaiah views
Trade's busy fleets regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestic no more.

See the dark spirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,
And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains,
And forts of hostile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thralldom and desolation o'er his realms.

Another

Another path to Scythia's wide domains
 Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulph
 Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
 Of rising Petersburg, whose splendid streets
 Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
 The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
 In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
 Delighted; and the hardy Samoid,
 Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
 Ascends, and thither hastes, ere winter's rage
 O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
 Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams;
 And borderers of the Caspian, who renew
 That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
 With proudest affluence the Colchian state.

Many have been the ways to those renown'd
 Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
 To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
 To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
 Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
 And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
 From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulph.

But later times, more fortunate, have found,
 O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,
 Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
 Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
 And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
 On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
 But not of modern, by the virtue led
 Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe

Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated,
Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.

Some, with more open course, to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of th' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise, or grampus, or the ravenous shark,
That chace their keels; or threatening rock, o'erhead
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and bartering take,
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.

The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara too displays
Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave inisses
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.

On Guinea's sultry sand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield

The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing navies to their crouded wharfs.

But let the man, whose rough tempestuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickdness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.

Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Vallies and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long mæanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Cafres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave

Their

Their aged parents : what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible ! Ye gliding sails,
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the chearful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer : rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind :
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.

See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir ; in whose hills
Ev'n yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now ;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide ; unless their speed be stop'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps : then the shrouds drop ;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire ; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor

Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swellling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Gombroon, whose streets are oft
With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade.

Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the vallies: oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Affiliated by trade, he deck'd and cloath'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,

He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided; while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all, unconscious of the union, act.

Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts their shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Barter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable; these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcano's rise

Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
 Daring in air aloft; around whose feet
 Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
 In various prospect; Ceylon also deem'd
 The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
 On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
 Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
 Of Cor'mandel, where traffic grieves to see
 Discord and avarice invade her realms,
 Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
 Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
 Nation to Nation is a light; a fire,
 Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:
 But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
 Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,
 Madras erected, and Saint David's fort,
 And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
 Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
 And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
 The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
 And see the country's products, in exchange,
 Before them heap'd; cotton's transparent webs,
 Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
 Alom, and lacque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
 And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
 Britannia's blooming Nymphs. For these, o'er all
 The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispers'd,
 O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
 And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
 Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;

And

And late-discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gandy roofs adorns.

The keels which voyage through Molucca's straits,
Amid a cloud of spicy odours, sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd,
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.

Near those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers of porcelain,
And pillar'd pagods shine; rejoic'd they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.

Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in brads or steel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast:
These, for the artists of the fleece, procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,

The flavour'd thea and glossy painted vase;
 Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
 In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
 They too from hence receive the strongest thread
 Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
 Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
 In constant peace and commerce; till'd to th' height
 Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
 Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
 And rock, and shady dale; ev'n on the waves
 Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
 Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
 In every province, firm and level roads,
 And long canals, and navigable streams,
 Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil
 To sure and speedy markets, through the length
 Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
 To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
 Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
 Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
 And Yare, and Avon flow, and rapid Trent;
 Thither by Ruffic caravans are brought,
 Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and wild,
 Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
 The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.

From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
 The watery seat of desolation wide,
 Issue these trading caravans, and urge,
 Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless road;
 By compass steering oft, from week to week,

From

From month to month ; whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass, and Kesma's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,
Threatening in vain ; and many a cataract,
In its fall stopt, and bound with bars of ice.

Close on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual frost ; and on the right
The Caspian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword ; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown ; while, in their rough bewilder'd vales,
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes, where none are left to hear.

Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The generous horse conveys the sons of trade ;
And ever and anon the docile dog ;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes ; now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow vallies, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising moon, through watery mists ;
Tobol, th' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war ;
Solemn fraternity ! where carl, and prince,
Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,

Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
 And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
 Their little publick smiles, and the bright sparks
 Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
 And virtue, from adversity and want:
 Be witness, Carthage; witness, ancient Tyre;
 And thou, Batavia, daughter of distress.
 This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
 The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
 The flexile willow; that the matted drives:
 All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
 Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
 Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
 Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
 And yellow tillages in opening woods:
 Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless road
 They force, with rough entangling thorns perplex;
 Land of the lazy Ostiaks, thin dispers'd,
 Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
 Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe,
 Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
 Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
 Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
 Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed
 The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
 Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
 And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
 And azure mountains; and the heights admire
 Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding craggs
 Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns

Pour

Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams,
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jenisca, swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.

These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds,
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chiboham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows.
At equal spaces, and in prospect round
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.

At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires.
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.

Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of stedfast Earth; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.

Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unwear'd toils

Of

Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.

Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he discern'd, above the foamy surge,
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
Ev'n from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs,
Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And Arts and Sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!

But joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in every culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.

Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silk-worm's thread inweaving with the fleece,

Pray

Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor slight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up-springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth;

Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle to her growing marts,
The Iroqueses, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments; and the cheers of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care:
The sons of nature, with astonishment,
And detestation, mark your evil deeds;
And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.

See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either; they appear

Better

Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
 Who, on the frozen beach of Newfoundland,
 Hang their white fish amid the parching winds;
 The kindly fleece, in webs of Duffield's woof,
 Their limbs, benumb'd, enfold with cheerly warmth;
 And frize of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
 Through gulphs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
 The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
 While Winter's frosty rigor checks approach,
 Ev'n in the fiftieth latitude. Say why
 (If ye, the travel'd sons of commerce, know),
 Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
 Half the sun's annual course, in chains of ice
 While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
 By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
 Warm beams of Phoebus, and, supine, behold
 Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering vines.
 Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
 Of mighty Labor drain their gusty lakes,
 Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling warm
 The opening vallies, and the yellowing plains?
 Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
 Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
 And through the great Pacific every joy
 Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isths
 Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
 Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
 Peculiar sciences, and other forms
 Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
 For woolly vestures? 'Tis a tedious course

By

By the Antarctic circle : nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couch'd Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel : neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffick there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm ; take courage from the brave. 'Twas there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chac'd
His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rous'd
Huge ocean, and involv'd him : all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horror : now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyfs ;
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts ;
While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sights of death.

Yet

Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his chear,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten-lands o'erhanging shore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on earth were doom'd to fall.

At length, through every tempest, as some branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the vallies; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.

Then Paita's walls, in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To shew humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell Disease,
Un'bating Labor, tedious Time, conspir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force;
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
world,

Deny'd

Deny'd all hospitable land or port ;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss, whereon
To drop the fastening anchor ; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdued by toil extreme ;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard ; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes !

Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours ? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts, in the lust of rule :
Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'Tis her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of Toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains ;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows ; a day will come,

When,

When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's streights to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailors chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.

That portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every-where be cloath'd.
Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigor fresh,
Her flight renew. Mean-while, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

THE morning's fair, the lusty sun
 With ruddy cheek begins to run;
 And early birds, that wing the skies,
 Sweetly sing to see him rise.

I am resolv'd, this charming day,
 In the open field to stray;
 And have no roof above my head,
 But that whereon the gods do tread.
 Before the yellow barn I see
 A beautiful variety
 Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
 And flirting empty chaff about.
 Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
 And turkeys gobbling for their food;
 While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
 And tempt all to crowd the door.

What a fair face does Nature show?
 Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow;
 A landskip wide salutes my sight,
 Of shady vales, and mountains bright;
 And azure heavens I behold,
 And clouds of silver and of gold.
 And now into the fields I go,
 Where thousand flaming flowers glow;
 And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
 With honey-suckles smelling sweet.
 Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
 And meet with, as I pace my way,

K

Sweetly

Sweetly shining on the eye,
 A rivulet gliding smoothly by;
 Which shews with what an easy tide
 The moments of the happy glide.
 Here, finding pleasure after pain,
 Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
 While his full scrip lies open by,
 That does his healthy food supply.

Happy swain, sure happier far
 Than lofty kings and princes are!
 Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
 With all its easy beds of down.

The sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
 And sheds around me burning rays.
 A little onward, and I go
 Into the shade that groves bestow;
 And on green moss I lay me down,
 That o'er the root of oak has grown;
 Where all is silent, but some flood
 That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
 But birds that warble in the sprays,
 And charm ev'n Silence with her lays.

Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
 In the Poet's busy brain!
 His numerous thoughts obey the calls
 Of the tuneful water-falls,
 Like moles, where'er the coast is clear,
 They rise before thee without fear,
 And range in parties here and there.

}

Some

THE COUNTRY WALK. 131

Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.

Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 'tis not her voice I find,
'Tis but the echo stays behind.

Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulph that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by!
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.

I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'Tis more than time to leave the grove.
The sun declines; the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees;
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree;

Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
 A little garden sway below.
 Through spreading beds of blooming green,
 Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
 A vein of water limps along,
 And makes them ever green, and young.
 Here he puffs upon his spade,
 And digs up cabbage in the shade:
 His tatter'd rags are fable brown,
 His beard and hair are hoary grown:
 The dying sap descends apace,
 And leaves a wither'd hand and face.

Up * Grongar hill I labour now,
 And catch at last his bushy brow.
 Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
 Let me breathe a little here.
 Where am I, Nature? I descry
 Thy magazine before me lie!
 Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
 And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
 Crouding before me, edg'd around
 With naked wilds, and barren ground.

See, below, the pleasant dome,
 The Poet's pride, the Poet's home,
 Which the sun-beams shine upon,
 To the even, from the dawn.
 See her woods, where Echo talks,
 Her gardens trim, her terras walks,

Her

* A hill in South Wales.

THE COUNTRY WALK. 133

Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.

See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep :
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid ;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain !
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.

And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade of fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.

In blushes the descending sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run ;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind ;

And vocal mountains, as they low,
 Re-echo to the vales below;
 The jocund shepherds piping come,
 And drive the herd before them home;
 And now begin to light their fires,
 Which send up smoke in curling spires!
 While with light hearts all homeward tend,
 To * Abergasney I descend.

But, oh! how bless'd would be the day,
 Did I with Clio pace my way,
 And not alone and solitary stray.

THE ENQUIRY.

YE poor little sheep, ah! well may ye stray,
 While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
 Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
 On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
 Alas-aday, No—Ye are strav'd, and half dead;
 Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.

Oh, Sun, did you see her?—ah! surely you did:
 *Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is she hid?
 Ye tall, whistling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
 And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
 Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake?
 Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?

Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous east,
 And the north, and the south, and the wearisom west,
 Pray

* The name of a seat belonging to the Author's brother.

Pray tell where she hides her, you surely do know,
And let not her lover pine after her so.

Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I 'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide display'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
I 'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
I 'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myself quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

DELIGHTFUL partner of my heart,
Master of the loveliest art!

How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair!

And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!

And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;

Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all-subduing son!

And there the wounded Porus brought
(The bravest man that ever fought!)

To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage, as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.

To me reveal thy heavenly art,
 To me thy mysteries impart.
 As yet I but in verse can paint,
 And to th' idea colour faint
 What to the open eye you show,
 Seeming Nature's living glow!
 The beauteous shapes of objects near!
 Or distant ones confus'd in air!
 The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
 Smiling on the lovely lawn!
 And pleasing views of chequer'd glades!
 And rivers winding through the shades!
 And sunny hills!—and pleasant plains!
 And groups of merry nymphs and swains!
 Or some old building, hid with grass,
 Rearing sad its ruin'd face;
 Whose columns, frizes, statues, lie,
 The grief and wonder of the eye!
 Or swift adown a mountain tall:
 A foaming cataract's sounding fall;
 Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
 Of the wondering traveller!
 Or a calm and quiet bay,
 And a level shining sea!
 Or surges rough, that froth, and roar,
 And, angry, dash the sounding shore!
 And vessels tost! and billows high!
 And lightning flashing from the sky!
 Or that which gives me most delight,
 The fair idea (seeming sight!)

EPISTLE TO A PAINTER. 137

Of warrior fierce, with shining blade!

Or orator, with arms display'd!

Tully's engaging air and mien,

Declaiming against Cataline.

Or fierce Achilles towering high

Above his foes, who round him die.

Or Hercules, with lion's hide,

And knotty cudgel, thrown aside,

Lifting Antæus high in air!

Who, in his gripe, expires there!

Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,

And muscles strain'd, striving to get

Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,

Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down!

Or beauteous Helen's easy air,

With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;

Or comely Paris, gay and young,

Moving with gallant grace along!

These you can do!—I but advance

In a florid ignorance;

And say to you, who better know,

You should design them so and so.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ;

On his POEM called GIDEON.

TELL me, wondrous friend, where were you

When Gideon was your lofty song!

Where did the heavenly spirit bear you,

When your fair soul reflected strong

Gideons!

Gideon's actions, as they shin'd
 Bright in the chambers of your mind !
 Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
 Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
 Or lonely fung with Jordan's water-falls,
 While heavenly Gideon was your sacred theme.
 Or have you many ages given
 To close retirement and to books !
 And held a long discourse with Heaven,
 And notic'd Nature in her various looks !
 Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
 Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye !
 Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers sweet
 On some fair and lofty plain
 Where the sun does brightly shine,
 And glorious prospects all around him lie !
 On Gideon's pages beautifully shine,
 Surprizing pictures rising to my sight,
 With all the life of colours and of line,
 And all the force of rounding shade and light,
 And all the grace of something more divine !
 High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
 I see a youth divinely fair,
 " Pensive he leans his head on his left hand ;
 " His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with awe,
 " His right hand, with a milk-white wand, some figure
 " seems to draw !
 " A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
 " And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber-
 " colour'd hair ! "

Above,

Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies ;

“ Slow from the plain the melting dews,

“ To kiss the sun-beams, climbing, rise,” &c.

Methinks the grove of Baal I see,

In terrass'd stages mount up high,

And wave its sable beauties in the sky,

“ From stage to stage, broad steps of half-hid stone,

“ With curling moss and, blady grass o'ergrown,

“ Lead awful——

Down in a dungeon deep,

“ Where through thick walls, oblique, the broken light

“ From narrow loop-holes quivers to the light,

“ With swift and furious stride,

“ Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,

“ The fretful prince, in dumb and sullen pride,

“ Revolves escape——

Here in red colours glowing bold,

A warlike figure strikes my eye!

The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold

Confounded so, they lose the power to fly ;

“ Backening they gaze at distance on his face,

“ Admire his posture, and confess his grace ;

“ His right hand grasps his planted spear,” &c.

Alas ! my Muse, through much good-will, you err :

And we the mighty author greatly wrong ;

To gather beauties here and there,

As but a scatter'd few there were,

While every word 's a beauty in his song !

[Those lines in this Poem marked thus “ are taken
out of the Poem called GIDEON.]

THE

T H E C H O I C E.

To Mr. DYER. By AARON HILL, Esq.

W HILE, charm'd with Aberglasney's quiet plains,
The Muses, and their Empress, court your strains,
Tir'd of the noisy town, so lately try'd,
Methinks, I see you smile, on Towy's side!
Pensive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly blest'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And, marking both extremes, pass clear between.

Oh! could your lov'd example teach your skill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my passions grow;—my lot would please;
And my sick soul might think itself to ease!
But, to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips, undistinguish'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.

If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope,
This were my Choice—Oh, Friend! pronounce me
poor;

For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!

Let others, with a narrow'd stint of pride,
In selfish views, a bounded hope divide:

If

If I must wish at all—Desires are free,
High, as the Highest, I would wish to be !
Then might I, sole supreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bless mankind.
Mean is that soul, whom its own good can fill !
A prosperous world, alone, could feast my will.
He's poor, at best, who others misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give them ease !
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne !
All were enough—and, less than all, is none !

This my first wish :—But since 'tis wild, and vain,
To grasp at glittering clouds, with fruitless pain,
More safely low, let my next prospect be,
And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.

Far from a Lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a State !
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate !
On some lone wild, should my large house be plac'd,
Vastly surrounded by a healthful waste !
Steril, and coarse, the untry'd soil should be,
Till forc'd to flourish, and subdued by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams, and
skies,
Should, with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes !
Where-e'er I walk'd, effects of my past pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the plains,
Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name ;
Widely befriended, but escaping fame ;
Peaceful, in studious quiet, would I live,
Lie hid, for leisure, and grow rich, to give !

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON of the late EARL RIVERS.

SINK not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.

Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
Because the body wants a glittering dress.

It is the mind's for-ever bright attire,

The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!

That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes,

Is the fop's tinsel, which the grave despise.

Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,

The cockcomb 's ne'er discover'd in the blaze!

As few the vices of the wealthy see,

So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.

Earl Rivers!—In that name how would'st thou shine?

Thy verse, how sweet! thy fancy, how divine!

Critics and Bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,

And all would think it merit to applaud.

But thou has nought to please the vulgar eye,

No title hast, nor what might titles buy.

Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,

Clear to thy errors, to thy beauties blind;

And if, though few, they any faults can see,

How meanly bitter will cold censure be!

But, since we all, the wisest of us, err,

Sure, 'tis the greatest fault to be severe.

A few,

A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause,
Who, with felt pleasure, see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more, the more depress.

Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning Judgment's phlegm with Fancy's fire!
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE to a FRIEND in TOWN*.

HAVE my friends in the town, in the gay busy
town,

Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid virtue alarms me.

Till outrage arises, or misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred religion or liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed, and the danger.

Alas!

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, there is one to Mr. Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

Alas ! what a folly, what wealth and domain
 We heap up in sin and in sorrow !
 Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain !
 Is not life to be over to-morrow ?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have
 Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even ;
 While gently the body descends to the grave,
 And the spirit arises to heaven.

T O M R . D Y E R . B Y C L I O .

I ' V E done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
 In holding back my gratitude so long ;
 The soul is fure to equal transport rais'd,
 That justly praises, or is justly prais'd :
 The generous only can this pleasure know,
 Who taste the god-like virtue—to bestow !
 I ev'n grow rich, methinks, while I commend ;
 And feel the very praises which I send.
 Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
 Though all the Muses are to Dyer kind.

Sing on, nor let your modest fears retard,
 Whose verse and pencil join, to force reward :
 Your claim demands the bays, in double wreath,
 Your Poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.

I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong ;
 No theme looks green, in Clio's artless song :

But

* Among the Poems of Mr. Savage, is an Epistle,
 occasioned by Mr. Dyer's Picture of this Lady.

But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
 For Dyer's fruitful soul will flourish there.
 My humbler lot was in low distance laid;
 I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
 For household cares, and empty trifles meant,
 The Name does immortality prevent.
 Yet let me stretch, beyond my sex, my mind,
 And, rising, leave the fluttering train behind;
 Nor art, nor learning, wish'd assistance lends,
 But nature, love, and music, are my friends.

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THE

THE
P O E M S
OF
DAVID MALLET, Esq.

L a

TO

DAVID MALLLET, Esq.

P. O. BOX 8

THE

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
WILLIAM, LORD MANSFIELD,
LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

JANUARY 1, 1759.

NO man, in ancient Rome, my Lord, would have been surprized, I believe, to see a poet inscribe his works, either to Cicero, or the younger Pliny; not to mention any more amongst her most celebrated names. They were both, it is true, public magistrates of the first distinction, and had applied themselves severely to the study of the laws; in which both eminently excelled. They were, at the same time, illustrious orators, and employed their eloquence in the service of their clients and their country. But, as they had both embellished their other talents by early cultivating the finer arts, and which has spread, we see, a peculiar light and grace over all their productions; no species of polite literature could be foreign to their taste or patronage. And, in effect, we find they were the friends and protectors of the best poets their respective ages produced.

It is from a parity of character, my Lord, and which will occur obviously to every eye, that I am induced

I **3** **to**

130 D E D I C A T I O N.

to place your name at the head of this collection, such as it is, of the different things I have written.

“Nec Phœbo gratior ulla

“Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.”

And were I as sure, my Lord, that it is deserving of your regard, as I am that these verses were not applied with more propriety at first than they are now; the publick would universally justify my ambition in presenting it to you. But, of that, the public only must and will judge, in the last appeal. There is but one thing, to bespeak their favour and your friendship, that I dare be positive in: without which, you are the last person in Britain to whom I should have thought of addressing it. And this any man may affirm of himself, without vanity; because it is equally in every man's power. Of all that I have written, on any occasion, there is not a line, which I am afraid to own, either as an honest man, a good subject, or a true lover of my country.

I have thus, my Lord, dedicated some few moments, the first day of this new year, to send you, according to good old custom, a present. An humble one, I confess it is; and that can have little other value but what arises from the disposition of the sender. On that account, perhaps, it may not be altogether unacceptable; for it is indeed an offering rather of the heart than the head; an effusion of those sentiments, which great merit, employed to the best purposes, naturally creates.

May

DEDICATION. 151

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course of this and many more years, that sound health of mind and body, which your important labours for the publick so much want, and so justly merit! And may you soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you so ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary on our part, concluded by a safe and lasting peace! Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, no less useful than ornamental to human life, and that now languish, may again flourish, under the eye and encouragement of those few, who think and feel as you do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain. I am, with the sincerest attachment,

MY LORD,

Your most faithful

humble servant.

DECLARATION

May you enjoy, my Lord, through the whole course
of this and many more years, that sound health of mind
and body, which your important labours for the publick
so much want, and so justly merit! And may you
soon have the satisfaction to see, what I know you
ardently wish, this destructive war, however necessary
by our present necessities, by a late and lasting peace.
Then, and not till then, all the noble arts, as the
moral, the experimental, to human life, and the
natural, your again flourish, under the eye and en-
couragement of those few, who think and feel as you
do, for the advantage and honour of Great Britain.
and, with the (most) attachment.

4 AP 54

153
WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

I.

TWAS at the silent, solemn hour,
When night and morning meet;
In glided Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.

II.

Her face was like an April-morn,
Clad in a wintery cloud;
And clay-cold was her lily-hand,
That held her sable shroud.

III.

So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown:
Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

IV.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That sips the silver dew;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
Just opening to the view.

V.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime:
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek;
She dy'd before her time.

VI. Awake!

VI.

Awake ! the cry'd, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight-grave ;
 Now let thy pity hear the maid,
 Thy love refus'd to save.

VII.

This is the dumb and dreary hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain ;
 When yawning graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain.

VIII.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath ;
 And give me back my maiden-vow,
 And give me back my troth.

IX.

Why did you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why did you swear my eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

X.

How could you say my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake ?
 How could you win my virgin-heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break ?

XI.

Why did you say, my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale ?
 And why did I, young witless maid !
 Believe the flattering tale ?

XII. That

WILLIAM AND MARGARET. 155

XII.

That face, alas! no more is air
Those lips no longer red:
Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,
And every charm is fled.

XIII.

The hungry worm my sister is;
This winding-sheet I wear:
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till that last morn appear.

XIV.

But, hark! the cock has warn'd me hence;
A long and late adieu!
Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
Who dy'd for love of you.

XV.

The lark sung loud; the morning smil'd,
With beams of rosy red:
Pale William quak'd in every limb,
And raving left his bed.

XVI.

He hy'd him to the fatal place
Where Margaret's body lay;
And stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
That wrap'd her breathless clay.

XVII. And

XVII.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,

And thrice he wept full sore :

Then laid his cheek to her cold grave,

And wept spoke never more !

N. B. In a comedy of Fletcher, called "The Knight of the burning Pestle," old Merry-Thought enters repeating the following verses :

When it was grown to dark midnight,

And all were fast asleep,

In came Margaret's grimly gholt,

And stood at William's feet.

This was, probably, the beginning of some ballad, commonly known, at the time when that author wrote; and is all of it, I believe, that is any where to be met with. These lines, naked of ornament, and simple as they are, struck my fancy: and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure, much talked of formerly, gave birth to the foregoing poem; which was written many ago.

MALLET.

An elegant Latin imitation of this ballad is printed in the works of Vincent Bourne. N.

EPITAPH, on Mr. AIKMAN, and his only SON:
 who were both interred in the same grave.

DEAR to the wife and good, disprais'd by none,
 Here sleep in peace the father and the son.
 By virtue, as by nature, close ally'd,
 The painter's genius, but without the pride;
 Worth unambitious, wit afraid to shine,
 Honour's clear light, and Friendship's warmth divine.
 The son, fair-rising, knew too short a date;
 But oh, how more severe the parent's fate!
 He saw him torn, untimely, from his side,
 Felt all a father's anguish, wept, and dy'd!

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY:

THIS humble grave though no proud structures grace,
 Yet Truth and Goodness sanctify the place:
 Yet blameless Virtue, that adorn'd thy bloom,
 Lamented maid! now weeps upon thy tomb.
 O scap'd from life! O safe on that calm shore;
 Where sin, and pain, and passion are no more!
 What never wealth could buy, nor power decree,
 Regard and Pity, wait sincere on thee:
 Lo! soft Remembrance drops a pious tear;
 And holy Friendship stands a mourner here.

S O N G. To a SCOTCH TUNE.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

I.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,

Invite the tuneful birds to sing :

And while they warble from each spray,

Love melts the universal lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wife,

Like them improve the hour that flies ;

And, in soft raptures, waste the day,

Among the shades of Endermay.

II.

For soon the winter of the year,

And age, life's winter, will appear :

At this, thy living bloom must fade ;

As that will strip the verdant shade.

Our taste of pleasure then is o'er ;

The feather'd songsters love no more :

And when they droop, and we decay,

Adieu the shades of Endermay !

OF VERBAL CRITICISM.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE 1st AND 2d EDITIONS.

AS the design of the following poem is to rally the abuse of Verbal Criticism, the author could not, without manifest partiality, overlook the Editor of Milton, and the Restorer of Shakespeare. With regard to the latter, he has read over the many and ample specimens with which that Scholiast has already obliged the publick : and of these, and these only, he pretends to give his opinion. But, whatever he may think of the Critic, not bearing the least ill-will to the Man, he deferred printing these verses, though written several months ago, till he heard that the subscription for a new edition of Shakespeare was closed.

He begs leave to add likewise, that this poem was undertaken and written entirely without the knowledge of the Gentleman to whom it is addressed. Only as it is a public testimony of his inviolable esteem for Mr. Pope, on that account, particularly, he wishes, it may not be judged to increase the number of mean performances, with which the town is almost daily pestered.

AMONG the numerous fools, by fate design'd
Oft to disturb, and oft divert, mankind,
The Reading Coxcomb is of special note,
By rule a Poet, and a Judge by rote :
Grave son of idle Industry and Pride,
Whom learning but perverts, and books misguide.

O fam'd for judging, as for writing well,
That rarest science, where so few excel ;

Whose

Whose life, severely scann'd, transcends thy lays,
 For wit supreme is but thy second praise : 10
 'Tis thine, O Pope, who chuse the better part,
 To tell how false, how vain, the Scholiast's art,
 Which nor to taste, nor genius has pretence,
 And, if 'tis learning, is not common sense.

In error obstinate, in wrangling loud, 15
 For trifles eager, positive, and proud ;
 Deep in the darkness of dull authors bred,
 With all their refuse lumber'd in his head,
 What every dunce from every dunghill drew
 Of literary offals, old or new, 20
 Forth steps at last the self-applauding wight,
 Of points and letters, chaff and straws, to write :
 Sagely resolv'd to swell each bulky piece
 With venerable toys, from Rome and Greece ;
 How oft, in Homer, Paris curl'd his hair ; 25
 If Aristotle's cap were round or square ;
 If in the cave, were Dido first was sped,
 To Tyre she turn'd her heels, to Troy her head.

Such the choice anecdotes, profound and vain,
 That store a Bentley's and a Burman's brain : 30
 Hence, Plato quoted, or the Stagyrte,
 To prove that flame ascends, and snow is white :
 Hence, much hard study, without sense or breeding,
 And all the grave impertinence of reading.
 If Shakespeare says, the noon-day sun is bright, 35
 His Scholiast will remark, it then was light ;
 Turn Caxton, Winkin, each old Goth and Hun,
 To rectify the reading of a pun.

Thus.

OF VERBAL CRITICISM, 161

Thus, nicely trifling, accurately dull,
How one may toil, and toil—to be a fool! 40

But is there then no honour due to age?
No reverence to great Shakespeare's noble page?
And he, who half a life has read him o'er,
His mangled points and commas to restore,
Meets he such slight regard in nameless lays, 45
Whom Bufo treats, and Lady Woud-be pays?

Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,
Who first created, and yet rules, the stage,
Bold to design, all-powerful to express,
Shakespeare each passion drew in every dress: 50
Great above rule, and imitating none;
Rich without borrowing, Nature was his own.
Yet is his sense debas'd by gross allay:
As gold in mines lies mix'd with dirt and clay.
Now, eagle-wing'd, his heavenward flight he takes;
The big stage thunders, and the soul awakes: 56
Now, low on earth, a kindred reptile creeps;
Sad Hamlet quibbles, and the hearer sleeps.

Such was the Poet: next the Scholiast view;
Faint thought the colouring, yet the features true. 60

Condemn'd to dig and dung a barren soil,
Where hardly tares will grow with care and toil,
He, with low industry, goes gleanings on
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none:
His brother book-worm so, in shelf or stall, 65
Will feed alike on Woolston and on Paul.
By living clients hopeless now of bread,
He pettyfogs a scrap from authors dead:

See him on Shakespeare pore, intent to steal
 Poor farce, by fragments, for a third-day meal. 70
 Such that grave bird in northern seas is found,
 Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound.
 Where-e'er the king of fish moves on before,
 This humble friend attends from shore to shore:
 With eye still earnest, and with bill inclin'd, 75
 He picks up what his patron drops behind;
 With those choice cates his palate to regale,
 And is the careful Tibbald of a whale.

Blest genius! who bestows his oil and pains
 On each dull passage, each dull book contains; 80
 The toil more grateful, as the task more low:
 So carrion is the quarry of a crow.
 Where his fam'd author's page is flat and poor,
 There, most exact the reading to restore;
 By dint of plodding, and by sweat of face, 85
 A bull to change, a blunder to replace:
 Whate'er is refuse critically gleaning,
 And mending nonsense into doubtful meaning.

For

V. 78. This remarkable bird is called the Strundt-Jager. Here you see how he purchases his food: and the same author, from whom this account is taken, tells us farther how he comes by his drink. You may see him, adds the Dutchman, frequently pursuing a sort of sea-mew, called Kulge-Gehef, whom he torments incessantly to make him void an excrement; which being liquid, serves him, I imagine, for drink. See a Collection of Voyages to the North.

For this, dread Dennis (* and who can forbear,
 Dunce or not Dunce, relating it, to stare?)
 His head though jealous, and his years fourscore,
 Ev'n Dennis praises, who ne'er prais'd before!
 For this, the Scholiast claims his share of fame,
 And, modest, prints his own with Shakespeare's name:
 How justly, Pope, in this short story view;
 Which may be dull, and therefore should be true.

A Prelate, fam'd for clearing each dark text,
 Who sense with sound, and truth with rhetoric mixt,
 Once, as his moving theme to rapture warm'd,
 Inspir'd himself, his happy hearers charm'd.
 The sermon o'er, the croud remain'd behind,
 And freely, man or woman, spoke their mind:
 All said they lik'd the lecture from their soul,
 And each, remembering something, prais'd the whole.
 At last an honest sexton join'd the throng
 (For as the theme was large, their talk was long);
 Neighbours, he cry'd, my conscience bids me tell,
 Though 'twas the Doctor preach'd,—I toll'd the bell.

In this the Critic's folly most is shown:
 Is there a Genius all-unlike his own,
 With learning elegant, with wit well bred,
 And, as in books, in men and manners read;
 Himself with poring erudition blind,
 Unknowing, as unknown, of human kind;

M 2

That

V. 89. ——— * "Quis talia fando
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve," &c.—VIRG.

V. 92. See the Dedication of his Remarks on the
 Dunciad to Mr. Lewis Theobald.

That Writer he selects, with awkward aim
 His sense, at once, to mimic and to maim.
 So Florio is a fop, with half a nose:
 So fat West Indian Planters dress at Beaux,
 Thus, gay Petronius was a Dutchman's choice,
 And Horace, strange to say, tun'd Bentley's voice,
 Horace, whom all the Graces taught to please,
 Mix'd mirth with morals, eloquence with ease;
 His genius social, as his judgement clear;
 When frolic, prudent; smiling when severe;
 Secure, each temper, and each taste to hit,
 His was the curious happiness of wit.
 Skill'd in that noblest Science, How to live;
 Which Learning may direct, but Heaven must give:
 Grave with Agrippa, with Mæcenas gay;
 Among the Fair, but just as wise as they:
 First in the friendships of the Great enroll'd,
 The St. Johns, Boyles, and Lytteltons, of old.
 While Bentley, long to wrangling schools confin'd,
 And, but by books, acquainted with mankind,
 Dares, in the fulness of the pedant's pride,
 Rhyme, though no genius; though no judge, decide.
 Yet he, prime pattern of the captious art,
 Out-tibbalding poor Tibbald, tops his part:
 Holds high the scourge o'er each fam'd author's head;
 Nor are their graves a refuge for the dead.
 To Milton lending sense, to Horace wit,
 He makes them write what never Poet writ:

The

The Roman Muse arraigns his mangling pen;
 And Paradise, by him, is lost again.
 Such was his doom impos'd by heaven's decree, 145
 With ears that hear not, eyes that shall not see,
 The low to swell, to level the sublime,
 To blast all beauty, and beprose all rhyme:
 Great eldest-born of Dulness, blind and bold!
 Tyrant! more cruel than Procrustes old; 150
 Who, to his iron-bed, by torture, fits,
 Their nobler part, the souls of suffering Wits.

Such is the Man, who heaps his head with bays,
 And calls on human kind to sound his praise,
 For points transplac'd with curious want of skill, 155
 For flatten'd sounds, and sense amended ill.
 So wise Caligula, in days of yore,
 His helmet fill'd with pebbles on the shore,
 Swore he had rifled ocean's richest spoils,
 And claim'd a trophy for his martial toils. 160

Yet be his merits, with his faults, confess:
 Fair-dealing, as the plainest, is the best.

M. 3 Long

V. 144. This sagacious Scholiast is pleased to create an imaginary editor of Milton; who, he says, by his blunders, interpolations, and vile alterations, lost Paradise a second time. This is a postulatam which surely none of his readers can have the heart to deny him; because otherwise he would have wanted a fair opportunity of calling Milton himself, in the person of this phantom, fool, ignorant, idiot, and the like critical compellations, which he plentifully bestows on him. But, though he had no taste in poetry, he was otherwise a man of very considerable abilities, and of great erudition.

Long lay the Critic's work, with trifles stor'd,
 Admir'd in Latin, but in Greek ador'd.
 Men, so well read, who confidently wrote,
 Their readers could have sworn, were men of note;
 To pass upon the croud for great or rare,
 Aim not to make them knowing, make them stare,
 For these blind votaries good Bentley griev'd,
 Writ English notes—and mankind undeceiv'd:
 In such clear light the serious folly plac'd,
 Ev'n thou, Browne Willis, thou may'st see the jest.

But what can cure our vanity of mind,
 Deaf to reproof, and to discovery blind?
 Let Croke, a Brother-Scholiast Shakespeare call,
 Tibbald, to Hesiod-Cooke returns the ball,
 So runs the circle still: in this, we see
 The lackies of the Great and Learn'd agree.
 If Britain's nobles mix in high debate,
 Whence Europe, in suspense, attends her fate;
 In mimic session their grave footmen meet,
 Reduce an army, or equip a fleet:
 And, rivaling the critic's lofty stile,
 Mere Tom and Dick are Stanhope and Argyll.

Yet those, whom pride and dulness join to blind,
 To narrow cares in narrow space confin'd,
 Though with big titles each his fellow greets,
 Are but to wits, as scavengers to streets:
 The humble black-guards of a Pope or Gay,
 To brush off dust, and wipe their spots away.
 Or, if not trivial, harmful is their art;
 Fume to the head, or poison to the heart.

Where

Where ancient Authors hint at things obscene,
 The Scholiast speaks out broadly what they mean.
 Disclosing each dark vice, well-lost to fame, 195
 And adding fuel to redundant flame,
 He, sober pimp to lechery, explains
 What Caprea's Isle, or V*'s Alcove contains:
 Why Paulus, for his sordid temper known,
 Was lavish, to his father's wife alone: 200
 Why those fond female visits duly paid
 To tuneful Incuba; and what her trade:
 How modern love has made so many martyrs,
 And which keeps oftneft, Lady C*, or Chartres.
 But who their various follies can explain? 205
 The tale is infinite, the task were vain.
 'Twere to read new-year odes in search of thought;
 To sum the libel's Pryn or Withers wrote;
 To guefs, ere one epistle faw the light,
 How many dunces met, and club'd their mite; 210
 To vouch for truth what Welsted prints of Pope,
 Or from the brother-boobies steal a trope.
 That be the part of persevering Waffe,
 With pen of lead; or, Arnall, thine of brass;

M 4

A text

V. 209. See a Poem published some time ago under that title, said to be the production of several ingenious and prolific heads; one contributing a similé, another a character, and a certain gentleman four shrewd lines wholly made up of asterisks.

V. 213. See the Preface to his edition of Sallust; and read, if you are able, the Scholia of sixteen annotators by him collected, besides his own.

A text for Henley, or a gloss for Hearne, 215
Who loves to teach, what no man cares to learn.

How little, knowledge reaps from toils like these!
Too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.

Yet, Critics, would your tribe deserve a name,
And, fairly useful, rise to honest fame; 220

First, from the head, a load of lumber move,

And, from the volume, all yourselves approve:

For patch'd and pilfer'd fragments, give us sense,

Or learning, clear from learn'd impertinence,

Where moral meaning, or where taste presides, 225

And wit enlivens but what reason guides:

Great without swelling, without meanness plain;

Serious, not silly; sportive, but not vain;

On trifles slight, on things of use profound,

In quoting sober, and in judging sound.

VERSES presented to the Prince of ORANGE, on
his visiting OXFORD, in the Year 1734.

RECEIVE, lov'd prince, the tribute of our praise,
This hasty welcome, in unfinish'd lays.

At best, the pomp of song, the paint of art,

Display the genius, but not speak the heart;

And oft, as ornament must truth supply,

Are but the splendid colouring of a lye.

These need not here; for to a soul like thine,

Truth, plain and simple, will more lovely shine.

The

TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE. 169

The truly good but with the verse sincere :

They court no flattery, who no censure fear.

Such Nassau is, the fairest, gentlest mind,

In blooming youth the Titus of mankind,

Crouds, who to hail thy wish'd appearance ran,

Forgot the prince, to praise and love the man.

Such sense with sweetness, grandeur mix'd with ease !

Our nobler youth will learn of thee to please :

Thy bright example shall our world adorn,

And charm, in gracious princes, yet unborn.

Nor deem this verse from venal art proceeds,

That vice of courts, the soil for baneful weeds.

Her candor dwells ; here honest truths are taught,

To guide and govern, not disguise, the thought.

See these enlighten'd Sages, who preside

O'er learning's empire ; see the youth they guide :

Behold, all faces are in transport dress'd !

But those most wonder, who discern thee best.

At sight of thee, each free-born heart receives

A joy, the sight of princes rarely gives ;

From tyrants sprung, and oft themselves design'd,

By Fate, the future Neroes of their kind :

But though thy blood, we know, transmitted springs

From laurel'd heroes, and from warrior-kings,

Through that high series, we, delighted, trace

The friends of liberty, and human race !

Oh, born to glad and animate our Isle !

For thee, our heavens look pleas'd, our seasons smile.

For thee, late object of our tender fears,

When thy life droop'd, and Britain was in tears,

All-

All-cheering Health, the goddess rosy-fair,
 Attended by soft suns, and vernal air,
 Sought those * fam'd springs, where, each afflictive hour,
 Disease, and age, and pain, invoke her power:
 She came; and, while to thee the current flows,
 Pour'd all herself, and in thy cup arose.
 Hence, to thy cheek, that instant bloom deriv'd!
 Hence, with thy health, the weeping world reviv'd!

Proceed to emulate thy race divine:

A life of action, and of praise, be thine.
 Assert the titles genuine to thy blood,
 By Nature, daring; but by reason, good.
 So great, so glorious thy forefathers shone,
 No son of theirs must hope to live unknown:
 Their deeds will place thy virtue full in sight;
 Thy vice, if vice thou hast, in stronger light.
 If to thy fair beginnings nobly true,
 Think what the world may claim, and thou must do:
 The honours, that already grace thy name,
 Have fix'd thy choice, and force thee into fame.
 Ev'n she, bright Anna, whom thy worth has won,
 Inspires thee what to seek and what to shun:
 Rich in all outward grace, th' exalted fair
 Makes the soul's beauty her peculiar care.
 O, be your nuptials crown'd with glad encrease
 Of sons, in war renown'd, and great in peace;
 Of daughters, fair and faithful, to supply
 The patriot-race, till Nature's self shall die!

* Bath.

VERSES

VERSES. occasioned by Dr. FRAZER's rebuilding
Part of the University of ABERDEEN.

IN times long past, ere Wealth was Learning's foe,
And dar'd despise the worth he would not know;
Ere mitred pride, which arts alone had rais'd,
Those very arts, in others saw, unprais'd;
Friend to mankind, * a prelate, good and great,
The Muses courted to this safe retreat:
Fix'd each fair virgin, decent, in her cell,
With learned leisure, and with peace to dwell.
The fabric finish'd, to the † sovereign's fame,
His own neglecting, he transfer'd his claim.
Here, by successive worthies, well was taught
Whate'er enlightens, or exalts the thought.
With labour planted, and improv'd with care,
The various tree of knowledge flourish'd fair:
Soft and serene the kindly seasons roll'd,
And Science long enjoy'd her age of gold.

Now, dire reverse! impair'd by lapse of years,
A falling waste the Muses' seat appears.
O'er her gray roofs, with baneful ivy bound,
Time, sure destroyer, walks his hostile round:
Silent, and slow, and ceaseless in his toil,
He mines each wall, he moulders every pile!

Ruin

* Bishop Elphinston.

† Calling it King's College, in compliment to
James IV.

Ruin hangs hovering o'er the fated place :
And dumb Oblivion comes with mended pace.

Sad Learning's genius, with a father's fear,
Beheld the total desolation near :

Beheld the Muses stretch the wing to fly ;
And fix'd on heaven his sorrow-streaming eye !

From heaven, in that dark hour, commission'd came
Mild Charity, ev'n there the foremost name.

Sweet Pity flew before her, softly bright ;
At whose felt influence, Nature smil'd with light.

“ Hear, and rejoice ! — the gracious Power begun —

“ Already, fir'd by me thy favourite son,

“ This ruin'd scene remarks with filial eyes ;

“ And, from its fall, bids fairer fabrics rise.

“ Ev'n now, behold ! where crumbling fragments grey,

“ In dust deep-bury'd, lost to memory lay,

“ The column swells, the well-knit arches bend,

“ The round dome widens, and the roofs ascend !

“ Nor ends the bounty thus : by him bestow'd,

“ Here, Science shall her richest stores unload.

“ Whate'er, long-hid, Philosophy has found ;

“ Or the Muse sung, with living lawrel crown'd ;

“ Or History descry'd, far-looking sage,

“ In the dark doubtfulness of distant age ;

“ These, thy best wealth, with curious choice combin'd,

“ Now treasur'd here, shall form the studious mind :

“ To wits unborn the wanted succours give,

“ And fire the Bard, whom Genius means to live.

“ But, teach thy sons the gentle laws of peace ;

“ Let low Self-love and pedant-Discord cease :

“ Their

- “ Their object Truth, Utility their aim,
 “ One social spirit reign, in all the same.
 “ Thus aided arts shall with fresh vigour shoot;
 “ Their cultur'd blossoms ripen into fruit;
 “ Thy faded star dispense a brighter ray,
 “ And each glad Muse renew her noblest lay.”

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

SIEGE OF DAMASCUS.

SPOKEN BY LORD SANDWICH.

WHEN arts and arms, beneath Eliza's smile,
 Spread wide their influence o'er this happy isle;
 A golden reign, uncurs'd with party-rage,
 That foe to taste, and tyrant of our age;
 Ere all our learning in a libel lay,
 And all our talk, in politics, or play:
 The statesman oft would soothe his toils with wit,
 What Spenser sung, and Nature's Shakespeare writ;
 Or to the laurel'd grove, at times, retire,
 There, woo the Muse, and wake the moving lyre.
 As fair examples, like ascending morn,
 The world at once enlighten and adorn;
 From them diffus'd, the gentle arts of peace
 Shot brightening o'er the land, with swift increase:

Rough

Rough nature soften'd into grace and ease;
Sense grew polite, and science sought to please;

Reliev'd from yon rude scene of party-din,
Where open Baseness vies with secret Sin;
And safe embower'd in * Woburn's airy groves,
Let us recall the times our taste approves;
Awaken to our aid the mourning Muse;
Through every bosom tender thought infuse;
Melt angry Faction into moral sense,
And to his guests a Bedford's soul dispense.

And now, while Spring extends her smiling reign,
Green on the mountain, flowery in the plain;
While genial Nature breathes, from hill and dale,
Health, fragrance, gladness, in the living gale;
The various softness, stealing through the heart,
Impressions, sweetly social, will impart.
When sad Eudocia pours her hopeless woe,
The tear of pity will unbidden flow!
When erring Phocyas, whom wild passions blind,
Holds up himself, a mirror for mankind;
An equal eye on our own hearts we turn,
Where frailties lurk, where fond affections burn:
And, conscious, Nature is in all the same,
We mourn the guilty, while the guilt we blame!

E P

* The Siege of Damascus was acted at Woburn, by the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Sandwich, and some other persons of distinction, in the month of May, 1743.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

BROTHERS,

A TRAGEDY, BY DR. YOUNG.

TO woman, sure, the most severe affliction
Is, from these fellows, point-blank contradiction.

Our Bard, without—I wish he would appear—

Ud! I would give it him—but you shall hear—

Good Sir! quoth I— and curtsy'd as I spoke—

Our pit, you know, expects and loves a joke—

'Twere fit to humour them: for, right or wrong,

True Britons never like the same thing long.

To-day is fair—they strut, huff, swear, harangue:—

To-morrow's foul—they sneak aside, and hang.

Is there a war—peace! peace! is all their cry:

The peace is made—then, blood! they 'll fight and die.

Gallants, in talking thus, I meant no treason:

I would have brought, you see, the man to reason.

But with some folks, 'tis labour lost to strive:

A reasoning mule will neither lead nor drive.

He hum'd, and haw'd; then, waking from his dream,

Cry'd, I must preach to you his moral scheme.

A scheme, forsooth! to benefit the nation!
 Some queer, odd whim of pious propagation! *
 Lord! talk so, here—the man must be a widgeon:—
 Drury may propagate—but not Religion.

Yet, after all, to give the Devil his due,
 Our Author's scheme, though strange, is wholly new:
 Well, shall the novelty then recommend it?
 If not from liking, from caprice befriend it.
 For drums and routs, make him a while your passion,
 A little while let Virtue be the fashion:
 And, spite of real or imagin'd blunders,
 Ev'n let him live, nine days, like other wonders.

P R O L O G U E .

T O

MR. THOMSON'S AGAMEMNON.

WHEN this decisive night, at length, appears,
 The night of every author's hopes and fears,
 What shifts to bribe applause, poor poets try!
 In all the forms of wit they court and lye:
 These meanly beg it, as an alms; and those,
 By boastful bluster dazzle and impose.

Nor

* The profits arising from this play were intended
 to be given, by the Author, to the Society for propa-
 gating Christian Knowledge.

Nor poorly fearful, nor securely vain,
Ours would, by honest ways, that grace obtain;
Would, as a free-born wit, be fairly try'd:
And then—let candor, fairly too, decide.

He courts no friend, who blindly comes to praise;
He dreads no foe—but whom his faults may raise.

Indulge a generous pride, that bids him own,
He aims to please, by noble means alone;
By what may win the judgment, wake the heart,
Inspiring nature, and directing art;
By scenes, so wrought, as may applause command
More from the judging head, than thundering hand.

Important is the moral we would teach—
Oh may this island practise what we preach—
Vice in its first approach with care to shun;
The wretch, who once engages, is undone.
Crimes lead to greater crimes, and link so freight,
What first was accident, at last is fate:
Guilt's hapless servant sinks into a slave;
And Virtue's last sad strugglings cannot save.

“As such our fair attempt, we hope to see
“Our judges,—here at least—from influence free:
“One place,—unbia's'd yet by party-rage,—
“Where only honour votes—the British stage.
“We ask for justice, for indulgence sue:
“Our last best licence must proceed from you.”

I M P R O M P T U,

On a LADY, who had passed some time in
playing with a very young child.

WH Y, on this least of little Misses,
Did Celia waste so many kisses?
Quoth Love, who stood behind and smil'd,
She kiss'd the father in the child.

E P I G R A M,

On seeing two persons pass by, in very different
equipages.

IN modern, as in ancient days,
See what the Muses have to brag on:
The Player in his own post-chaise;
The Poet in a carrier's waggon!

E P I G R A M,

On a certain LORD's passion for a SINGER.

NERINA's angel-voice delights;
Nerina's devil-face affrights:
How whimsical her Strephon's fate,
Condemn'd at once to like and hate!
But be she cruel, be she kind,
Love! strike her dumb, or make him blind.

A SIMILE IN PRIOR,

Applied to the same Person.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou never pop
Thy head into a tin-man's shop?
There, Thomas, didst thou never see—
'Tis but by way of simile—

A squirrel spend its little rage,
In jumping round a rowling cage?
Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes,
The foolish creature thinks it climbs;
But here or there, turn wood or wire,
It never gets two inches higher.

So fares it with this little Peer,
So busy and so bustling here;
For ever flirting up and down,
And frisking round his cage, the town.
A world of nothing in his chat,
Of who said this, and who did that:
With similies, that never hit;
Vivacity, that has no wit;
Schemes laid this hour, the next forsaken;
Advice oft ask'd, but never taken:
Still whirl'd, by every rising whim,
From that to this, from her to him;
And when he hath his circle run,
He ends—just where he first begun.

ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

STILL hovering round the fair at sixty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buz, but not alive to sting;
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can;
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

ON I. H. ESQ.

THE youth had wit himself, and could afford
 A witty neighbour his good word.
 Though scandal was his joy, he would not swear:
 An oath had made the ladies stare.
 At them he duly dress'd, but without passion:
 His only mistress was the fashion.
 Her verse with fancy glitter'd, cold and faint;
 His prose, with sense, correctly quaint.
 Trifles he lov'd; he tasted arts:
 At once a fribble, and a man of parts.

A F R A G M E N T.

* * *

FAIR morn ascends: soft zephyr's wing
 O'er hill and vale renews the spring:
 Where, sown profusely, herb and flower,
 Of balmy smell, of healing power,

Their

Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
 And breathe fresh life in every gale.
 Here, spreads a green expanse of plains,
 Where, sweetly-pensive, Silence reigns;
 And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
 A mountain fades into the sky;
 While winding round, diffus'd and deep,
 A river rolls with sounding sweep.
 Of human art no traces near,
 I seem alone with Nature here!

Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!
 The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth;
 The seasoning of all good below!
 The sovereign friend in joy or woe!
 O thou, most courted, most despis'd,
 And but in absence duly priz'd!
 Power of the soft and rosy face!
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!
 O sun of life! whose heavenly ray
 Lights up, and cheers, our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till Nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night:
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot riot would his anguish steep,

But tosses through the midnight-shade,
Of death, of life, alike afraid;
For ever fled to shady cell,
Where Temperance, where the Muses dwell;
Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn:
Or on the brow of mountain high,
In silence feasting ear and eye,
With song and prospect, which abound
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,
Flames forth intolerable day;
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
With Thirst and Languor in his train;
All nature sickening in the blaze:
Thou, in the wild and woody maze,
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
Impendent from the neighbouring steep,
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
Where breathing coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
Imagination lays him down;
Attentive, in his airy mood,
To every murmur of the wood:
The bee in yonder flowery nook;
The chidings of the headlong brook;
The green leaf shivering in the gale;
The warbling hill, the lowing vale;
The distant woodman's echoing stroke;
The thunder of the falling oak.

From

From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the dead;
 Sages, or Poets. See they rise!
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.
 Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men:
 Lo! Socrates, the sent of heaven,
 To whom its moral will was given.
 Fathers and friends of human kind,
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd;
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlightening truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,
 At once the sounding breeze was laid:
 And Nature, by the unknown law,
 Shook deep with reverential awe.
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour;
 A browner night involv'd the bower:
 When, issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.
 O Freedom! sovereign boon of heaven;
 Great charter, with our being given;
 For which the patriot, and the sage,
 Have plann'd, have bled through every age!
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace:
 Who could not give, nor can reclaim,
 What but from God immediate came!

* * * *

CUPID AND HYMEN:

OR THE

WEDDING-DAY.

THE rising morn, serenely still,
 Had brightening spread o'er vale and hill,
 Not those loose beams that wanton play,
 To light the mirth of giddy May;
 Nor such red heats as burn the plain,
 In ardent Summer's feverish reign :
 But rays, all equal, soft and sober,
 To suit the second of October ;
 To suit the pair, whose wedding-day
 This sun now gilds with annual ray.

Just then, where our good-natur'd Thames is
 Some four short miles above St. James's,
 And deigns, with silver-streaming wave,
 Th' abodes of earth-born pride to lave,
 Aloft in air two gods were soaring ;
 While Putney-cits beneath lay snoring,
 Plung'd deep in dreams of ten per cent,
 On sums to their dear country lent :
 Two gods of no inferior fame,
 Whom ancient wits with reverence name ;
 Though wiser moderns much disparage—
 I mean the Gods of Love and Marriage.

But

But Cupid first, his wit to shew,
Assuming a mere modern beau,
Whose utmost aim is idle mirth, 35
Look'd—just as coxcombs look on earth:
Then rais'd his chin, then cock'd his hat,
To grace this common-place chit-chat;
How! on the wing, by break of dawn!
Dear brother—there he forc'd a yawn— 39
To tell men, sunk in sleep profound,
They must, ere night, be gag'd and bound!
Who, having once put on thy chain,
'Tis odds, may ne'er sleep sound again.
So say the wits: but wiser folks 35
Still marry, and condemn their jokes:
They know, each better bliss is thine,
Pure nectar, genuine from the vine!
And Love's own hand that nectar pours,
Which never fails, nor ever sours! 40
Well, be it so: yet there are fools,
Who dare demur to formal rules;
Who laugh profanely at their betters,
And find no freedom plac'd in fetters;
But, well or ill, jog on through life 45
Without that sovereign bliss, a wife.
Leave these at least, these sad dogs free,
To stroll with Bacchus and with me;
And sup, in Middlesex, or Surrey,
On coarse cold beef, and Fanny Murray. 50
Thus Cupid—and with such a leer,
You would have sworn 'twas Ligonier.

While

While Hymen soberly reply'd,
 Yet with an air of conscious pride :
 Just come from yonder wretched scene, 55
 Where all is venal, false, and mean,
 (Looking on London as he spoke)
 I marvel not at thy dull joke ;
 Nor, in such cant, to hear thee vapour,
 Thy quiver lin'd with South-sea paper ; 60
 Thine arrows feather'd, at the tail,
 With India-bonds, for hearts on sale ;
 Their other ends too, as is meet,
 Tip'd with gold points from Lombard-street.
 But could'st thou for a moment quit 65
 These airs of fashionable wit,
 And re-assume thy nobler name—
 Look that way, where I turn my flame—
 He said, and held his torch inclin'd,
 Which, pointed so, still brighter shin'd— 70
 Behold yon couple, arm in arm,
 Whom I, eight years, have known to charm ;
 And, while they wear my willing chains,
 A god dares swear that neither feigns.
 This morn that bound their mutual vow, 75
 That blest them first, and blesses now,
 They grateful hail ! and, from the soul,
 With thousands o'er both heads may roll ;
 Till, from life's banquet, either guest,
 Embracing, may retire to rest. 80
 Come then, all raillery laid aside,
 Let this their day serenely glide :

With

CUPID AND HYMEN.

187

With mine thy serious aim unite,
And both some proper guests invite;
That not one minute's running sand
May find their pleasures at a stand.

85

At this severe and sad rebuke,
Enough to make a coxcomb puke;
Poor Cupid, blushing, shrug'd and winc'd,
Not yet consenting, though convinc'd:
For 'tis your wistling's greatest terror,
Ev'n when he feels, to own, his error.

90

Yet, with a look of arch grimace,
He took his penitential face:
Said, 'twas, perhaps, the surer play,
To give your grave good souls their way:

95

That, as true humour was grown scarce,
He chose to see a sober farce;
For, of all cattle and all fowl,
Your solemn-looking asfs and owl
Rais'd much more mirth, he durst aver it,
Than those jack-puddings, pug and parrot.

100

He said, and eastward spread his wing,
From London some few friends to bring.

His brother too, with sober cheer,
For the same end did westward steer:

105

But first, a penfive love forlorn,
Who three long weeping years has borne
His torch revers'd, and all around,
Where once it flam'd, with cypress bound,
Sent off, to call a neighbouring friend,
On whom the mournful train attend:

110

And

And bid him, this one day, at least,
 For such a pair, at such a feast,
 Strip off the fable veil, and wear 115
 His once-gay look and happier air.

But Hymen, speeding forward still,
 Observ'd * a man on Richmond-hill,
 Who now first tries a country life;
 Perhaps, to fit him for a wife. 120

But, though not much on this he reckon'd,
 The passing god look'd in and beckon'd:
 He knows him rich in social merit,
 With independent taste and spirit;
 Though he will laugh with men of whim, 125
 For fear such men should laugh at him.

But lo, already on his way,
 In due observance of the day,
 A friend and favourite of the Nine,
 Who can, but seldom cares to shine, 130
 And one sole virtue would arrive at—
 To keep his many virtues private.

Who tends, well pleas'd, yet as by stealth,
 His lov'd companions ease and health:
 Or in his garden, barring out 135

The noise of every neighbouring rout,
 At pensive hour of eve and prime,
 Marks how the various hand of time
 Now feeds and rears, now starves and slaughters,
 His vegetable sons and daughters. 140

While

* A. Mitchell, Esq; Minister at the court of Prussia.

CUPID AND HYMEN.

189

While these are on their way, behold!

Dan Cupid, from his London-fold,

First seeks and sends his new Lord Warden *

Of all the nymphs in Covent-Garden :

Brave as the sword he wears in fight;

Sincere, and briefly in the right;

Whom never minister or king

Saw meanly cringing in their ring.

A second see! of special note,

Plump Comus † in a colonel's coat;

Whom we, this day, expect from far,

A jolly first-rate man of war;

On whom we boldly dare repose,

To meet our friends, or meet our foes.

Or comes a brother in his stead?

Strong-body'd too, and strong of head :

Who, in whatever path he goes,

Still looks right on before his nose;

And holds it little less than treason,

To baulk his stomach or his reason.

True to his mistress and his meat,

He eats to love, and loves to eat.

Last

* The late General Skelton. He had just then purchased a house in Henrietta-street.

† The late Col. Caroline Scott; who, though extremely corpulent, was uncommonly active; and who, to much skill, spirit, and bravery, as an officer, joined the greatest gentleness of manners as a companion and friend. He died a sacrifice to the public, in the service of the East-India Company, at Bengal, in the year 1755.

Last comes a virgin—pray admire her !
 Cupid himself attends, to squire her :
 A welcome guest ! we much had miss'd her ; 165
 For 'tis our Kitty, or his sister.
 But, Cupid, let no knave or fool
 Snap up this lamb, to shear her wool ;
 No teague of that unblushing band,
 Just landed, or about to land ; 170
 Thieves from the womb, and train'd at nurse,
 To steal an heiress or a purse.
 No scraping, saving, sawcy cit,
 Sworn foe of breeding, worth, and wit ;
 No half-form'd insect of a Peer, 175
 With neither land nor conscience clear ;
 Who if he can, 'tis all he can do,
 Just spell the motto on his landau.
 From all, from each of these defend her ;
 But thou and Hymen both befriend her, 180
 With truth, taste, honour, in a mate,
 And much good sense, and some estate.
 But now, suppose th' assembly met,
 And round the table cordial set ;
 While in fair order, to their wish, 185
 Plain Neatness sends up every dish,
 And Pleasure at the side-board stands,
 A nectar'd goblet in his hands,
 To pour libations, in due measure,
 As Reason wills when join'd with Pleasure— 190
 Let these white moments all be gay,
 Without one cloud of dim allay :

CUPID AND HYMEN.

191

In every face let joy be seen,
 As truth sincere, as hope serene :
 Let Friendship, Love, and Wit combine, 195
 To flavor both the meat and wine,
 With that rich relish to each sense,
 Which they, and they alone, dispense :
 Let Music too their mirth prolong,
 With warbled air and festive song : 200
 Then, when at eve, the star of love
 Glows with soft radiance from above,
 And each companionable guest
 Withdraws, replenish'd, not oppress,
 Let each, well-pleas'd, at parting say— 205
 My life be such a wedding-day!

EPIGRAM:

Written at TUNBRIDGE WELLS, 1760.

WHEN Churchill led his legions on,
 Success still follow'd where he shone.
 And are those triumphs, with the dead,
 All from his house, for ever fled?
 Not so : by softer furer arms,
 They yet survive in beauty's charms;
 For, look on blooming Pembroke's face,
 Even now he triumphs in his race.

AN

A N O D E

I N T H E

M A S Q U E O F A L F R E D :

Sung by a SHEPHERDESS who has lost her
 Lover in the Wars.

A Youth, adorn'd with every art,
 To warm and win the coldest heart,

In secret mine posselt.

The morning bud that fairest blows,

The vernal oak that straitest grows,

His face and shape exprest.

In moving sounds he told his tale,

Soft as the sighings of the gale,

That wakes the flowery year.

What wonder he could charm with ease,

Whom happy Nature taught to please,

Whom Honour made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought—and fell!

The fatal evening heard his knell,

And saw the tears I shed:

Tears that must ever, ever fall;

For ah! no sighs the past recall,

No cries awake the dead!

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CANTO I.

THE INVOCATION.

EXCURSION.

A

POEM.

IN

TWO CANTOS.



Contains, on the subject of the late
system, and of the

This poem is among the author's earliest performances.
Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone
for the irregularity of the composition, which he
considered, and has even attempted to excite, is left
entirely to the reader of the edition.

THE

C O N T E N T S.

C A N T O I.

INVOCATION, addressed to Fancy. Subject proposed; a short excursive survey of the Earth and Heavens. The poem opens with a description of the face of Nature in the different scenes of morning, sunrise, noon, with a thunder-storm, evening, night, and a particular night-piece, with the character of a friend deceased.

With the return of morning Fancy continues her excursion, first northward—A view of the arctic continent and the deserts of Tartary—From thence southward: a general prospect of the globe, followed by another of the mid-land part of Europe, suppose Italy. A city there upon the point of being swallowed up by an earthquake: signs that usher it in: described in its causes and effects at length—Eruption of a burning mountain, happening at the same time and from the same causes, likewise described.

C A N T O II.

Contains, on the same plan, a survey of the solar system, and of the fixed stars.

This poem is among the author's earliest performances. Whether the writing may, in some degree, atone for the irregularity of the composition, which he confesses, and does not even attempt to excuse, is submitted entirely to the candor of the reader.

THE

T H E
E X C U R S I O N .

C A N T O I.

COMPANION of the Muse, creative power,
 Imagination ! at whose great command
 Arise unnumber'd images of things,
 Thy hourly offspring: thou, who canst at will
 People with air-born shapes the silent wood,
 And solitary vale, thy own domain,
 Where Contemplation haunts; Oh come, invok'd,
 To waft me on thy many-tinctur'd wing,
 O'er Earth's extended space: and thence, on high,
 Spread to superior Worlds thy bolder flight,
 Excursive, unconfin'd. Hence from the haunts
 Of vice and folly, vanity and man —

To yon expanse of plains, where Truth delights,
 Simple of heart; and, hand in hand with her,
 Where blameless Virtue walks. Now parting Spring,
 Parent of beauty and of song, has left,
 His mantle, flower-embroider'd on the ground.
 While Summer laughing comes, and bids the Months
 Crown his prime season with their choicest stores;
 Fresh roses opening to the solar ray,
 And fruits slow-swelling on the loaded bough.

Here let me frequent roam, preventing morn,
 Attentive to the cock, whose early throat,

Heard from the distant village in the vale,
 Crows chearly out, far-sounding through the gloom.
 Night hears from where, wide-hovering in mid-sky,
 She rules the fable hour : and calls her train
 Of visionary fears, the shrouded ghost,
 The dream distressful, and th' incumbent hag,
 That rise to Fancy's eye in horrid forms,
 While reason slumbering lies. At once they fly,
 As shadows pass, nor is their path beheld.

And now, pale-glimmering on the verge of heaven,
 From east to north in doubtful twilight seen,
 A whitening lustre shoots its tender beam;
 While shade and silence yet involve the ball.
 Now sacred Morn, ascending, smiles serene
 A dewy radiance, brightening o'er the world.
 Gay daughter of the air, for ever young,
 For ever pleasing! lo, she onward comes,
 In fluid gold and azure loose-array'd,
 Sun-tinctur'd, changeful hues. At her approach,
 The western grey of yonder breaking clouds
 Slow-reddens into flame: the rising mists,
 From off the mountain's brow, roll blue away
 In curling spires; and open all his woods,
 High waving in the sky: th' uncolour'd stream,
 Beneath her glowing ray, translucent shines.
 Glad Nature feels her through her boundless realms
 Of life and sense: and calls forth all her sweets,
 Fragrance and song. From each unfolding flower
 Transpires the balm of life, that Zephyr wafts,
 Delicious, on his rosy wing: each bird,

Or

Or high in air, or secret in the shade,
Rejoicing warbles wild his morn'g hymn.
While beasts of chase, by secret instinct mov'd,
Scud o'er the lawns, and, plunging into night,
In brake, or cavern, slumber out the day.

Invited by the chearful morn abroad,
See, from his humble roof, the good Man comes
To taste her freshness, and improve her rise
In holy musing. Rapture in his eye,
And kneeling wonder speak his silent soul,
With gratitude o'erflowing, and with praise!

Now Industry is up. The village pours
Her useful sons abroad to various toil:
The labourer here, with every instrument
Of future plenty arm'd; and there the swain,
A rural king amid his subject-flocks,
Whose bleatings wake the vocal hills afar.
The traveller, too, pursues his early road,
Among the dews of morn. Aurora calls:
And all the living landscape moves around.

But see, the flush'd horizon flames intense
With vivid red, in rich profusion stream'd
O'er heaven's pure arch. At once the clouds assume
Their gayest liveries; these with silvery beams
Fring'd lovely, splendid those in liquid gold,
And speak their sovereign's state. He comes, behold!
Fountain of light and colour, warmth and life!
The King of Glory! round his head divine,
Diffusive showers of radiance circling slow,
As o'er the Indian wave up-rising fair

He looks abroad on Nature, and invests,
 Where'er his universal eye surveys,
 Her ample bosom, earth, air, sea, and sky,
 In one bright robe, with heavenly tinctures gay.

From this hoar hill, that climbs above the plain,
 Half-way up heaven ambitious, brown with woods
 Of broadest shade, and terrass'd round with walks,
 Winding and wild, that deep embowering rise,
 Maze above maze, through all its shelter'd height;
 From hence, th' æreal concave without cloud,
 Translucent, and in purest azure drest;
 The boundless scene beneath, hill, dale, and plain;
 The precipice abrupt; the distant deep,
 Whose shores æmurmur to the sounding surge;
 The nearest forest in wide circuit spread,
 Solemn recess, whose solitary walks,
 Fair Truth and Wisdom love; the bordering lawn,
 With flocks and herds enrich'd; the daisy'd vale;
 The river's crystal, and the meadow's green —
 Grateful diversity! allure the eye
 Abroad, to rove amid ten thousand charms.

These scenes, where every Virtue, every Muse
 Delighted range, serene the soul, and lift,
 Borne on devotion's wing, beyond the pole,
 To highest heaven her thought; to Nature's God,
 First source of all things lovely, all things good,
 Eternal, infinite! before whose throne
 Sits sovereign Bounty, and through heaven and earth
 Careless diffuses plenitude of bliss.

Him

Him all things own : he speaks, and it is day.
Obedient to his nod, alternate night
Obscures the world. The seasons at his call
Succeed in train, and lead the year around.

While reason thus and rapture fill the heart ;
Friends of mankind, good angels, hovering near,
Their holy influence, deep-infusing, lend ;
And in still whispers, soft as Zephyr's breath
When scarce the green leaf trembles, through her powers
Inspire new vigour, purer light supply,
And kindle every virtue into flame.
Celestial intercourse ! superior blifs,
Which vice ne'er knew ! health of th' enliven'd soul,
And heaven on earth begun ! Thus ever fix'd
In solitude, may I, obscurely safe,
Deceive mankind, and steal through life along,
As slides the foot of Time, unmark'd, unknown !

Exalted to his noon the fervent sun,
Full-blazing o'er the blue immense, burns out
With fierce effulgence. Now th' embowering maze
Of vale sequester'd, or the fir-crown'd side
Of airy mountain, whence with lucid lapse
Falls many a dew-fed stream, invites the step
Of musing poet, and secures repose
To weary pilgrim. In the flood of day,
Oppressive brightness deluging the world,
Sick Nature pants : and from the cleaving earth
Light vapours, undulating through the air,
Contagious fly, engendering dire disease,

Red plague, and fever; or, in fogs aloft
Condensing, shew a ruffling tempest nigh.

And see, exhaling from th' atlantic surge,
Wild world of waters, distant clouds ascend
In vapory confluence, deepening cloud on cloud;
Then rolling dusk along to east and north,
As the blast bears them on his humid wing,
Draw total night and tempest o'er the noon!
Lo, bird and beast, impress'd by Nature's hand
In homeward-warnings through each feeling nerve,
Haste from the hour of terror and of storm.
The Thunder now, from forth his cloudy shrine,
Amid conflicting elements, where Dread
And Death attend, the servants of his nod,
First, in deaf murmurs, sounds the deep alarm,
Heard from afar, awakening awful thought.
Dumb sadness fills this nether world: the gloom
With double blackness lours; the tempest swells;
And expectation shakes the heart of man.

Where yonder clouds in dusky depth extend
Broad o'er the south; fermenting in their womb,
Pregnant with fate, the fiery tempest swells,
Sulphureous steam and nitrous, late exhal'd
From mine or unctuous soil: and lo, at once,
Forth darted in slant stream, the ruddy flash,
Quick-glancing, spreads a moment's horrid day.
Again it flames expansive; sheets the sky,
Wide and more wide, with mournful light around,
On all sides burning; now the face of things
Disclosing; swallow'd now in tenfold night.

Again

Again the thunder's voice, with pealing roar,
 From cloud to cloud continuous roll'd along,
 Amazing bursts! Air, sea, and shore resound.
 Horror sits shuddering in the felon-breast,
 And feels the deathful flash before it flies:
 Each sleeping sin, excited, starts to view;
 And all is storm within. The Murderer, pale
 With conscious guilt, though hid in deepest shade,
 Hears and flies wild, pursued by all his fears:
 And sees the bleeding shadow of the Slain
 Rise hideous, glaring on him through the gloom!
 Hark! through th' æreal vault, the storm inflam'd
 Comes nearer, hoarsely loud, abrupt and fierce,
 Peal hurl'd on peal incessant, burst on burst:
 Torn from its base, as if the general frame
 Were tumbling into chaos—There it fell,
 With whirlwind-wing, in red diffusion flash'd.
 Destruction marks its path. Yon riven oak
 Is hid in smouldering fires: surpriz'd beneath,
 The traveller ill-omen'd prostrate falls,
 A livid corpse. Yon cottage flames to heaven:
 And in its farthest cell, to which the hour,
 All-horrible, had sped their steps, behold!
 The parent breathless lies; her orphan-babes
 Shuddering and speechless round—O Power divine!
 Whose will, unerring, points the bolt of fate!
 Thy hand, though terrible, shall man decide
 If punishment, or mercy, dealt the blow?

Appeas'd at last, the tumult of the skies
 Subsides, the thunder's falling roar is hush'd:

At

At once the clouds fly scattering, and the sun
Breaks out with boundless splendor o'er the world.
Parent of light and joy! to all things he
New life restores, and from each drooping field
Draws the redundant rain, in climbing mists
Fast-rising to his ray; till every flower
Lift up its head, and Nature smiles reviv'd.

At first 'tis awful silence over all,
From sense of late-felt danger; till confirm'd,
In grateful-chorus mixing, beast and bird
Rejoice aloud to heaven: on either hand,
The woodlands warble, and the valleys low.
So pass the songful hours: and now the sun,
Declin'd, hangs verging on the western main,
Whose fluctuating bosom, blushing red
The space of many seas beneath his eye,
Heaves in soft swellings murmuring to the shore.
A circling glory glows around his disk
Of milder beams: part, streaming o'er the sky,
Inflame the distant azure: part below
In level lines shoot through the waving wood,
Clad half in light, and half in pleasing shade,
That lengthens o'er the lawn. Yon evening clouds,
Lucid or dusk, with flamy purple edg'd,
Float in gay pomp the blue horizon round,
Amusive, changeful, shifting into shapes
Of visionary beauty, antique towers
With shadowy domes and pinnacles adorn'd;
Or hills of white extent, that rise and sink
As sportful Fancy lists; till late, the sun

From

From human eye, behind earth's shading orb
Total withdrawn, th' aërial landscape fades:

Distinction fails: and in the darkening west,
The last light, quivering, dimly dies away,
And now th' illusive flame, oft seen at eve,
Upborne and blazing on the light-wing'd gale,
Glides o'er the lawn, betokening Night's approach:
Arising awful o'er the eastern sky,
Onward she comes with silent step and slow,
In her brown mantle wrapt, and brings along
The still, the mild, the melancholy hour,
And Meditation, with his eye on heaven.

Musing, in sober mood, of Time and Life,
That fly with unreturning wing away
To that dark world, untravel'd and unknown,
Eternity! through desert ways I walk;
Or to the cypress-grove, at twilight shun'd
By passing swains. The chill breeze murmurs low,
And the boughs rustle round me where I stand,
With fancy all-arous'd.—Far on the left,
Shoots up a shapeless rock of dusky height,
The raven's haunt: and down its woody steep,
A dashing flood in headlong torrent hurls
His sounding waters; white on every cliff
Hangs the light foam, and sparkles through the gloom.

Behind me rises huge a reverend pile
Sole on this blasted heath, a place of tombs,
Waste, desolate, where Ruin dreary dwells.
Brooding o'er sightless skulls, and crumbling bones,
Ghastful he sits, and eyes with stedfast glare,

(Sad

(Sad trophies of his power, where ivy twines
 Its fatal green around) the falling roof,
 The time-shook arch, the column grey with moss,
 The leaning wall, the sculptur'd stone defac'd,
 Whole monumental flattery, mix'd with dust,
 Now hides the name it vainly meant to raise.
 All is dread silence here, and undisturb'd,
 Save what the wind sighs, and the wailing owl
 Screams solitary to the mournful moon,
 Glimmering her western ray through yonder isle,
 Where the sad spirit walks with shadowy foot
 His wonted round, or lingers o'er his grave.

Hail, midnight-shades! hail, venerable dome!
 By age more venerable; sacred shore,
 Beyond Time's troubled sea, where never wave,
 Where never wind of passion, or of guilt,
 Of suffering or of sorrow, shall invade
 The calm sound night of those who rest below.
 The weary are at peace: the small and great,
 Life's voyage ended, meet and mingle here.
 Here sleeps the prisoner safe, nor feels his chain,
 Nor hears th' oppressor's voice. The poor and old,
 With all the sons of mourning, fearless now
 Of want or woe, find unalarm'd repose.
 Proud greatness, too, the tyranny of power,
 The grace of beauty, and the force of youth,
 And name and place, are here—for ever lost!

But, at near distance, on the mouldering wall
 Behold a monument, with emblem grac'd,
 And fair inscription: where with head declin'd,

And

And folded arms, the Virtues weeping round
Lean o'er a beauteous youth who dies below.
Thyrsis—'tis he! the wisest and the best!
Lamented shade! whom every gift of heaven
Profusely blest: all learning was his own.
Pleasing his speech, by Nature taught to flow,
Persuasive sense and strong, sincere and clear.
His manners greatly plain; a noble grace,
Self-taught, beyond the reach of mimic Art,
Adorn'd him: his calm temper winning mild;
Nor Pity softer, nor was Truth more bright.
Constant in doing well, he neither sought
Nor shun'd applause. No bashful merit sigh'd
Near him neglected: sympathizing he
Wip'd off the tear from Sorrow's clouded eye
With kindly hand, and taught her heart to smile.

'Tis morning: and the sun, his welcome light,
Swift, from beyond dark ocean's orient stream,
Casts through the air, renewing Nature's face
With heaven-born beauty. O'er her ample breast,
O'er sea and shore, light Fancy speeds along,
Quick as the darted beam, from pole to pole,
Excursive traveller. Now beneath the north,
Alone with Winter in his inmost realm,
Region of horrors! Here, amid the roar
Of winds and waves, the drifted turbulence
Of hail-mix'd snows, resides th' ungenial Power,
For ever silent, shivering, and forlorn!
From Zembla's cliffs on to the straits furriz'd
Of Anian eastward, where both worlds oppose

Their

Their shores contiguous, lies the polar sea,
One glittering waste of ice, and on the morn
Casts cold a cheerless light. Lo, hills of snow,
Hill behind hill, and alp on alp, ascend,
Pil'd up from eldest age, and to the sun
Impenetrable; rising from afar
In misty prospect dim, as if on air
Each floating hill, an azure range of clouds.
Yet here, ev'n here, in this disastrous clime,
Horrid and harbourless, where all life dies,
Adventurous mortals, urg'd by thirst of gain,
Through floating isles of ice and fighting storms,
Roam the wild waves, in search of doubtful shores,
By West or East; a path yet unexplor'd.

Hence eastward to the Tartar's cruel coast,
By utmost ocean wash'd, on whose last wave
The blue sky leans her breast, diffus'd immense
In solitary length the Desert lies,
Where Desolation keeps his empty court.
No bloom of spring, o'er all the thirsty vast,
Nor spiry grass is found; but sands instead
In sterile hills, and rough rocks rising grey.

A land of fears! where visionary forms
Of-griev'dly spectres from air, flood, and fire,
Swarm: and before them speechless Horror stalks!
Here, night by night, beneath the starless dusk,
The secret hag and forcerer unblest
Their sabbath hold, and potent spells compose,
Spoils of the violated grave: and now,
Late, at the hour that severs night from morn,

When

When sleep has silenc'd every thought of man,
They to their revels fall, infernal throng!
And as they mix in circling dance, or turn
To the four winds of heaven with haggard gaze;
Shot streaming from the bosom of the north,
Opening the hollow gloom, red meteors blaze,
To lend them light, and distant thunders roll,
Heard in low murmurs through the lowering sky.

From these sad scenes, the waste abodes of death,
With devious wing, to fairer climes remote
Southward I stray: where Caucasus in view,
Bulwark of nations, in broad eminence
Upheaves from realm to realm a hundred hills,
On from the Caspian to the Euxine stretch'd,
Pale-glittering with eternal snows to heaven.
From this chill steep, which midnight's highest shades
Scarce climb to darken, rough with murmuring woods,
Imagination travels with quick eye
Unbounded o'er the globe, and wondering views
Her rolling seas and intermingled isles;
Her mighty continents out-stretch'd immense,
Where Europe, Asia, Afric, of old fame,
Their regions numberless extend: and where,
To farthest point of west, Columbus late,
Through untry'd oceans borne to shores unknown,
Moor'd his first keel adventurous, and beheld
A new, a fair, a fertile world arise!
But nearer scenes of happy rural view,
Green dale, and level down, and bloomy hill,
The Muse's walk, on which the sun's bright eye
Propi-

Propitious looks, invite her willing step.
 Here see, around me smiling, myrtle groves,
 And mountains crown'd with aromatic woods
 Of vegetable gold, with vales amidst,
 Lavish of flowers and fragrance ; where soft Spring,
 Lord of the year, indulges to each field
 The fanning breeze, live spring, and sheltering grove.

In these blest plains, a spacious city spreads
 Its round extent magnificent, and seems
 The seat of empire. Dazzling in the sky,
 With far-seen blaze her towery structures shine,
 Elaborate works of art ! each opening gate
 Sends forth its thousands : Peace and Plenty round
 Environ her. In each frequented school
 Learning exalts his head : and Commerce pours
 Into her arms a thousand foreign realms.
 How fair and fortunate ! how worthy all
 Of lasting bliss secure ! Yet all must fail,
 O'erturn'd and lost—nor shall their place be found !

A sullen calm unusual, dark and dead,
 Arises inauspicious o'er the heavens.
 The beamless sun looks wan ; a fighting cold
 Winters the shadow'd air ; the birds on high,
 Shrieking, give sign of fearful change at hand :
 And now, within the bosom of the globe,
 Where sulphur stor'd, and nitre peaceful slept,
 For ages, in their subterranean bed,
 Ferments th' approaching tempest. Vapory streams,
 Inflammable, perhaps by winds sublim'd,
 Their deadly breath apply. Th' enkindled mass,

Mine fir'd by mine in train, with boundless rage,
With horror unconceiv'd, disploded bursts
Its central prison—Shook from shore to shore,
Reels the broad continent with all its load,
Hills, forests, cities. The lone desert quakes :
Her savage sons howl to the thunder's groan,
And lightning's ruddy glare : while from beneath,
Deaf distant roarings, through the wide profound,
Rueful are heard, as when Despair complains.

Gather'd in air, o'er that proud Capital,
Frowns an involving cloud of gloomy depth,
Casting dun night and terror o'er the heads
Of her inhabitants. Aghast they stand,
Sad-gazing on the mournful skies around ;
A moment's dreadful silence ! Then loud screams
And eager supplications rend the skies.
Lo, crowds on crowds, in hurry'd stream along,
From street to street, from gate to gate roll'd on,
This, that way burst in waves, by horror wing'd
To distant hill or cave : while half the globe,
Her frame convulsive rocking to and fro,
Trembles with second agony. Upheav'd
In furies, her vext surface rolls a sea.
Ruin ensues : towers, temples, palaces,
Flung from their deep foundations, roof on roof,
Crush'd horrible, and pile on pile o'erturn'd,
Fall total—In that universal groan,
Sounding to heaven, expir'd a thousand lives,
O'erwhelm'd at once, one undistinguish'd wreck !

P

Sight

Sight full of fate ! up from the centre torn,
 The ground yawns horrible a hundred mouths,
 Flashing pale flames—down through the gulphs profound,
 Screaming, whole crouds of every age and rank,
 With hands to heaven rais'd high imploring aid,
 Prone to th' abyss descend ; and o'er their heads
 Earth shuts her ponderous jaws. Part lost in night
 Return no more : part on the wafting wave,
 Borne through the darkness of th' infernal world,
 Far distant rise, emerging with the flood ;
 Pale as ascending ghosts cast back to day,
 A shuddering band ! Distraction in each eye
 Stares wildly motionless ! they pant, they catch
 A gulph of air, and grasp with dying aim
 The wreck that drives along, to gain from fate,
 Short interval ! a moment's doubtful life.
 For now earth's solid sphere afunder rent
 With final dissolution, the huge mass
 Fails undermin'd—down, down th' extensive seat
 Of this fair city, down her buildings sink !
 Sinks the full pride her ample walls enclos'd,
 In one wild havock crash'd, with burst beyond
 Heaven's loudest thunder ! Uproar unconceiv'd !
 Image of Nature's general frame destroy'd !
 How greatly terrible, how dark and deep
 The purposes of heaven ! At once o'erthrown,
 White age and youth, the guilty and the just,
 O, seemingly severe ! promiscuous fall.
 Reason, whose daring eye in vain explores
 The fearful providence, confus'd, subdued

To silence and amazement, with due praise
Acknowledges th' Almighty, and adores
His will unerring, wisest, justest, best!

The country mourns around with alter'd look.
Fields, where but late the many-colour'd Spring
Sat gaily drest, amid the vernal breath
Of roses, and the song of nightingales,
Soft-warbled, silent languish now and die.
Rivers engulph'd their ample channels leave
A sandy tract; and goodly mountains, hurl'd
In whirlwind from their seat, obstruct the plain
With rough incumbrance; or through depths of earth
Fall ruinous, with all their woods immers'd.

Sulphureous damps of dark and deadly power,
Steam'd from th' abyss, fly secret over-head,
Wounding the healthful air; whence foul disease,
Murrain and rot, in tainted herds and flocks:
In man sore sickness, and the lamp of life
Dim'd and diminish'd; or more fatal ill
Of mind, unsettling reason overturn'd.
Here into madness work'd, and boiling o'er
Outrageous fancies, like the troubled sea
Foaming out mud and filth: here downward sunk
To folly, and in idle musing wrapt;
Now chacing with fond aim the flying cloud;
Now numbering up the drops of falling rain.

A while the fiery Spirit in its cell
Insidious slumbers, till some chance unknown,
Perhaps some rocky fragment from the roof
Detach'd, and roll'd with rough collusion down

Its echoing vault, strikes out the fatal spark
 That blows it into rage. Shakes earth again,
 Wide through her entrails torn. To all sides flash'd,
 The flames bear downward on the central deep,
 Immeasurable source, whence ocean fills
 His numerous seas, and pours them round the globe.
 The liquid orb, through all its dark expanse,
 In dire commotion boils; and bursting way
 Up through th' unsounded bottoms of the main,
 Where never tempest ruffled, lifts the deeps,
 At once, in billowy mountains to the sky,
 With raving violence. And now their shores,
 Rebellowing to the surge, they swallow fierce,
 O'er swelling mound and cliff: now swift and strange,
 With refluent wave retreating, leave the beach
 A naked of sands waste—Mean time, behold!

Yon neighbouring Mountain rising bleak and bare,
 Its double top in steril ashes hid,
 But green around its base with oil and wine,
 Gives sign of storm and desolation near:
 Store-house of fate! from whose infernal womb,
 With fiery minerals and metallic ore
 Pernicious fraught, ascends eternal smoke:
 Now wavering loose in air; now borne on high,
 A dusky column heightening to the sun!
 Imagination's eye looks down dismay'd
 The steepy gulph, pale-flaming and profound,
 With hourly tumult vex'd, but now incens'd
 To sevenfold fury. First, discordant sounds,
 As of a clamouring multitude enrag'd,

The dash of floods, and hollow howl of winds;
Through wintry woods or cavern'd ruins heard;
Rise from the distant depth where uproar reigns.
Anon, with black eruption, from its jaws,
A night of smoke, thick-driving, wave on wave,
In stormy flow, and cloud involving cloud;
Rolls surging forth, extinguishing the day;
With vollied sparkles mix'd, and whirling drifts
Of stones and cinders rattling up the air.
Instant, in one broad burst, a stream of fire,
Red-issuing, floods the hemisphere around.
Nor pause, nor rest: again the mountain groans,
Amazing, from its inmost caverns shook:
Again, with loudening rage, intensely fierce,
Disgorges pyramids of quivering flame,
Spire after spire enormous, and torn rocks,
Flung out in thundering ruins to the sky.

But see, in second pangs, the roaring hill
From forth its depth a cloudy pillar shoots,
Gradual and vast, in one ascending trunk
Of length immense, heav'd by the force of fire,
On its own base direct, aloft in air,
Beyond the soaring eagle's sunward flight:
Still as it swells, through all the dark extent,
With wonder seen! ten thousand lightnings play
In flash'd vibrations; and from height to height
Incessant thunders roar. No longer now
Protruded by th' explosive breath below;
At once the shadowy summit breaks away
To all sides round; in billows broad and black,

As of a turbid ocean stir'd by winds,
A vapory deluge hiding earth and heaven.

Thus all day long : and now the beainless sun
Sets as in blood. A dreadful pause ensues ;
Deceitful calm, portending fiercer storm.
Sad night at once, with all her deep-dy'd shades,
Falls back and boundless o'er the scene. Suspense
And terror rule the hour. Behold, from far,
Imploring heaven with supplicating hands
And streaming eyes, in mute amazement fix'd,
Yon peopled City stands ; each sadden'd face
Turn'd towards the hill of fears : and hark ! once more

- The rising tempest shakes its sounding vaults,
Now faint in distant murmurs, now more near
Rebounding horrible, with all the roar
Of winds and seas ; or engines big with death,
That, planted by the murderous hand of War
To shake the round of some proud capital,
At once dislodged, in one bursting peal
Their mortal thunders mix. Along the sky,
From east to south, a ruddy hill of smoke
Extends its ridge, with dismal light inflam'd.
Mean while, the fluid Lake that works below,
Bitumen, sulphur, salt, and iron-scum,
Heaves up its boiling tide. The labouring mount
Is torn with agonizing throes—at once,
Forth from its side disparted, blazing pours
A mighty river, burning in prone waves,
That glimmer through the night, to yonder plain.
Divided there, a hundred torrent-streams,

Each

Each ploughing up its bed, roll dreadful on,
Resistless. Villages, and woods, and rocks,
Fall flat before their sweep. The region round,
Where myrtle-walks and groves of golden fruit
Rose fair, where harvest war'd in all its pride,
And where the vineyard spread her purple store,
Maturing into nectar, now despoil'd
Of herb, leaf, fruit, and flower, from end to end
Lies buried under fire, a glowing sea!

Thus roaming with adventurous wing the globe,
From scene to scene excursive, I behold
In all her workings, beauteous, great, or new,
Fair Nature, and in all with wonder trace
The sovereign Maker, first, supreme, and best,
Who actuates the whole : at whose command,
Obedient fire and flood tremendous rise,
His ministers of vengeance, to reprove,
And scourge the nations. Holy are his ways,
His works unnumber'd, and to all proclaim
Unfathom'd wisdom, goodness unconfin'd.

THE EXCURSION.

CANTO II.

ENDLESS the wonders of creating power,
On earth, but chief on high through heaven display'd.
There shines the full magnificence unveil'd

Of Majesty divine : refulgent there
 Ten thousand suns blaze forth, with each his train
 Of worlds dependent, all beneath the eye
 And equal rule of one eternal Lord.
 To those bright climes, awakening all her powers,
 And spreading her unbounded wing, the Muse
 Ascending soars, on through the fluid space,
 The buoyant atmosphere ; whose vivid breath,
 Soul of all sublunary life, pervades
 The realms of Nature, to her inmost depths
 Diffus'd with quickening energy. Now still,
 From pole to pole th' aëreal ocean sleeps,
 One limpid vacancy : now rous'd to rage
 By blustering meteors, wind, hail, rain, or cloud
 With thunderous fury charg'd, its billows rise,
 And shake the nether orb. Still as I mount,
 A path the vulture's eye hath not observ'd,
 Nor foot of eagle trod, th' ethereal sphere
 Receding flies approach ; its circling arch
 Alike remote, translucent, and serene.
 Glorious expansion ! by th' Almighty spread,
 Whose limits who hath seen ! or who with him
 Hath walk'd the sun-pav'd circuit from old time,
 And visit'd the host of heaven around !

Gleaming a borrow'd light, from whence how small
 The speck of earth, and dim air circumfus'd !
 Mutable region, vex'd with hourly change.
 But here, unruffled calm her even reign
 Maintains external : here the lord of day,
 The neighbouring sun, shines out in all his strength,

Noon

Noon without night. Attracted by his beam,
I thither bend my flight, tracing the source
Where morning springs; whence her innumerable streams
Flow lucid forth, and roll through trackless ways
Their white waves o'er the sky. The fountain-orb,
Dilating as I rise, beyond the ken
Of mortal eye, to which earth, ocean, air,
Are but a central point, expands immense,
A shoreless sea of fluctuating fire,
That deluges all ether with its tide.
What power is that, which to its circle bounds
The violence of flame! in rapid whirls
Conflicting, floods with floods, as if to leave
Their place, and, bursting, overwhelm the world!
Motion incredible! to which the rage
Of oceans, when whole winter blows at once
In hurricane, is peace. But who shall tell
That radiance beyond measure, on the sun
Pour'd out transcendent! those keen-flashing rays
Thrown round his state, and to yon worlds afar
Supplying days and seasons, life and joy!
Such Virtue He, the Majesty of Heaven,
Brightness original, all-bounteous king,
Hath to his creature lent, and crown'd his sphere
With matchless glory. Yet not all alike
Resplendent: in these liquid regions pure,
Thick mists, condensing, darken into spots,
And dim the day. Whence that malignant light,
When Cæsar bled, which sadden'd all the year,
With long eclipse. Some at the centre rise

In shady circles, like the moon beheld,
 From earth, when she her unenlighten'd face
 Turns thitherward opaque: a space they brood
 In congregated clouds; then breaking float
 To all sides round. Dilated some and dense,
 Broad as earth's surface each, by slow degrees
 Spread from the confines of the light along,
 Usurping half the sphere, and swim obscure
 On to its adverse coast; till there they set,
 Or vanish scatter'd: measuring thus the time,
 That round its axle whirls the radiant orb.

Fairest of beings! first-created light!
 Prime cause of beauty! for from thee alone,
 The sparkling gem, the vegetable race,
 The nobler worlds that live and breathe, their charms,
 The lovely hues peculiar to each tribe,
 From thy unfailing source of splendor draw!
 In thy pure shine, with transport I survey
 This firmament, and these her rolling worlds,
 Their magnitudes, and motions: those how vast!
 How rapid these! with swiftness unconceiv'd,
 From west to east in solemn pomp revolv'd,
 Unerring, undisturb'd; the sun's bright train,
 Progressive through the sky's light fluent borne
 Around their centre. Mercury the first,
 Near bordering on the day, with speedy wheel
 Flies swiftest on, inflaming where he comes,
 With sevenfold splendor, all his azure road.

Next Venus to the westward of the sun,
 Full orb'd her face, a golden plain of light,

Circles

Circles her larger round. Fair morning-star!
That leads on dawning day to yonder world,
The seat of man, hung in the heavens remote,
Whose northern hemisphere, descending, sees
The sun arise; as through the zodiac roll'd,
Full in the middle path oblique she winds
Her annual orb: and by her side the Moon,
Companion of her flight, whose solemn beams,
Nocturnal, to her darken'd globe supply
A softer day-light; whose attractive power
Swells all her seas and oceans into tides,
From the mid-deeps o'erflowing to their shores.

Beyond the sphere of Mars, in distant skies,
Revolves the mighty magnitude of Jove,
With kingly state, the rival of the sun.
About him round, four planetary moons,
On earth with wonder all night long beheld,
Moon above moon, his fair attendants, dance.
These, in th' horizon, slow-ascending climb
The steep of heaven, and, mingling in soft flow:
Their silver radiance, brighten as they rise.
Those opposite roll downward from their noon
To where the shade of Jove, outstretch'd in length,
A dusky cone immense, darkens the sky
Through many a region. To these bounds arriv'd,
A gradual pale creeps dim o'er each sad orb,
Fading their lustre; till they sink involv'd
In total night, and disappear eclips'd.
By this, the Sage, who, studious of the skies,
Heedful explores these late-discover'd worlds,

By

By this observ'd, the rapid progress finds
Of light itself : how swift the headlong ray
Shoots from the sun's height through unbounded space,
At once enlightning air, and earth, and heaven.

Last, outmost Saturn walks his frontier-round,
The boundary of worlds ; with his pale moons,
Faint-glimmering through the darkness night has thrown,
Deep-dy'd and dead, o'er this chill globe forlorn :
An endless desert, where extreme of cold
Eternal sits, as in his native seat,
On wintery hills of never thawing ice !
Such Saturn's earth ; and yet ev'n here the sight,
Amid these doleful scenes, new matter finds
Of wonder and delight ! a mighty ring,
On each side rising from th' horizon's verge,
Self-pois'd in air, with its bright circle round
Encompasseth his orb. As night comes on,
Saturn's broad shade, cast on its eastern arch,
Climbs slowly to its height : and at th' approach
Of morn returning, with like stealthy pace
Draws westward off ; till though the lucid round,
In distant view th' illumin'd skies are seen.

Beauteous appearance ! by th' Almighty's hand
Peculiar fashion'd.—Thine these noble works,
Great, universal Ruler ! earth and heaven
Are thine, spontaneous offspring of thy will,
Seen with transcendent ravishment sublime,
That lifts the soul to thee ! a holy joy,
By reason prompted, and by reason swell'd.
Beyond all height—for thou art infinite !

Thy

Thy virtual energy the frame of things
Pervading actuates: as at first thy hand
Diffus'd through endless space this limpid sky,
Vast ocean without storm, where these huge globes
Sail undisturb'd, a rounding voyage each;
Observant all of one unchanging law.
Simplicity divine! by this sole rule,
The Maker's great establishment, these worlds
Revolve harmonious, world attracting world
With mutual love, and to their central sun
All gravitating: now with quicken'd pace
Descending tow'rd the primal orb, and now
Receding slow, excursive from his bounds.

This spring of motion, this hid power infus'd
Through universal nature, first was known
To thee, great Newton! Britain's justest pride,
The boast of human race; whose towering thought,
In her amazing progress unconfin'd,
From truth to truth ascending, gain'd the height
Of science, whither mankind from afar
Gaze up astonish'd. Now beyond that height,
By death from frail mortality set free,
A pure intelligence he wings his way
Through wondrous scenes, new-open'd in the world
Invisible, amid the general quire
Of saints and angels, rapt with joy divine,
Which fills, o'erflows, and ravishes the soul!
His mind's clear vision from all darkness purg'd,
For God himself shines forth immediate there,
Through those eternal climes, the frame of things,

In its ideal harmony, to him
Stands all reveal'd.—

But how shall mortal wing
Attempt this blue profundity of heaven,
Unfathomable, endless of extent !
Where unknown suns to unknown systems rise,
Whose numbers who shall tell ? stupenduous host !
In flaming millions through the vacant hung,
Sun beyond sun, and world to world unseen,
Measureless distance, unconceiv'd by thought !
Awful their order ; each the central fire
Of his surrounding stars, whose whirling speed,
Solemn and silent, through the pathless void,
Nor change, nor error knows. But, their ways,
By reason, bold adventurer, unexplor'd,
Instructed can declare ! What search shall find
Their times and seasons ! their appointed laws,
Peculiar ! their inhabitants of life,
And of intelligence, from scale to scale
Harmonious rising and in fix'd degree ;
Numberless orders, each resembling each,
Yet all diverse !—Tremendous depth and height
Of wisdom and of power, that this great whole
Fram'd inexpressible, and still preserves,
An infinite of wonders !—Thou, supreme,
First, Independent Cause, whose presence fills
Nature's vast circle, and whose pleasure moves,
Father of human kind ! the Muse's wing
Sustaining guide, while to the heights of heaven,
Roaming th' interminable vast of space,

She rises, tracing thy almighty hand
 In its dread operations. Where is now
 The seat of mankind, earth? where her great scenes
 Of wars and triumphs? empires fam'd of old,
 Assyrian, Roman? or of later name,
 Peruvian, Mexican, in that new world,
 Beyond the wide Atlantic, late disclos'd?
 Where is their place?—Let proud Ambition pause,
 And sicken at the vanity that prompts
 His little deeds:—With earth, those nearer orbs,
 Surrounding planets, late so glorious seen,
 And each a world, are now for sight too small;
 Are almost lost to thought. The sun himself,
 Ocean of flame, but twinkles from afar,
 A glimmering star amid the train of night!
 While in these deep abysses of the sky,
 Spaces incomprehensible, new suns,
 Crown'd with unborrow'd beams, illustrious shine;
 Arcturus here, and here the Pleiades,
 Amid the northern host: nor with less state,
 At sumless distance, huge Orion's orbs,
 Each in his sphere refulgent, and the noon
 Of Sirius, burning through the south of heaven.

Myriads beyond, with blended rays, inflame
 The Milky Way, whose stream of vivid light,
 Pour'd from innumerable fountains round,
 Flows trembling, wave on wave, from sun to sun,
 And whitens the long path to heaven's extreme:
 Distinguish'd tract! But as with upward flight,
 Soaring, I gain th' immensurable steep,

Contiguous stars, in bright profusion sown
Through these wide fields, all broaden into suns,
Amazing, sever'd each by gulphs of air,
In circuit ample as the solar heavens.

From this dread eminence, where endless day,
Day without cloud abides, alone and fill'd—
With holy horror, trembling I survey
Now downward through the universal sphere
Already past; now up to the heights untry'd,
And of th' enlarging prospect find no bound!
About me on each hand new wonders rise
In long succession; here pure scenes of light,
Dazzling the view; here nameless worlds afar,
Yet undiscover'd: there a dying sun,
Grown dim with age, whose orb of flame extinct,
Incredible to tell! thick, vapory mists,
From every shore exhaling, mix obscure
Innumerable clouds, disspreading slow,
And deepening shade on shade; till the faint globe,
Mournful of aspect, calls in all his beams.
Millions of lives, that live but in his light,
With horror see, from distant spheres around,
The source of day expire, and all his worlds
At once involv'd in everlasting night!

Such this dread revolution: heaven itself,
* Subject to change, so feels the waste of years.
So this cerulian round, the work divine
Of God's own hand, shall fade; and empty night
Reign solitary, where these stars now roll
From west to east their periods: where the train

Of comets wander their eccentric ways,
With infinite excursion, through th' immense
Of æther, traversing from sky to sky
Ten thousand regions in their winding road,
Whose length to trace imagination fails !
Various their paths ; without resistance all
Through these free spaces borne : of various face ;
Enkindled this with beams of angry light,
Shot circling from its orb in sanguine showers :
That, through the shade of night, projecting huge,
In horrid trail, a spire of dusky flame,
Embody'd mists and vapours, whose fir'd mass
Keen-vibrates, streaming a red length of air.
While distant orbs, with wonder and amaze,
Mark its approach, and night by night alarm'd
Its dreaded progress watch, as of a foe
Whose march is ever fatal ; in whose train
Famine, and war, and desolating plague,
Each on his pale horse rides ; the ministers
Of angry heaven, to scourge offending worlds !

But lo ! where one, from some far world return'd,
Shines out with sudden glare through yonder sky,
Region of darkness, where a sun's lost globe,
Deep-overwhelm'd with night, extinguish'd lies.
By some hid power attracted from his path,
Fearful commotion ! into that dusk tract,
The devious comet, steep descending, falls
With all his flames, rekindling into life
Th' exhausted orb : and swift a flood of light
Breaks forth diffusive through the gloom, and spreads

In orient streams to his fair train afar
 Of moving fires, from night's dominion wop,
 And wondering at the morn's unhop'd return.
 In still amazement lost, th' awaken'd mind
 Contemplates this great view, a sun restor'd-
 With all his worlds! while thus at large her flight
 Ranges these untrac'd scenes, progressive borne
 Far through ethereal ground, the boundless walk
 Of spirits, daily travellers from heaven;
 Who pass the mystic gulph to journey here,
 Searching th' Almighty Maker in his works
 From worlds to worlds, and, in triumphant quire
 Of voice and harp, extolling his high praise.

Immortal natures l. cloath'd with brightness round,
 Empyreal, from the source of light effus'd,
 More orient than the noon-day's stainless beam.
 Their will unerring; their affections pure,
 And glowing fervent warmth of love divine,
 Whose object God alone: for all things else,
 Created beauty, and created good,
 Illusive all, can charm the soul no more.
 Sublime their intellect, and without spot,
 Enlarg'd to draw Truth's endless prospect in,
 Ineffable, eternity and time;
 The train of beings, all by gradual scale
 Descending, sumless orders and degrees;
 Th' unfounded depth, which mortals dare not try,
 Of God's perfections; how these heavens first sprung
 From unprolific night; how mov'd and rul'd

In number, weight, and measure; what hid laws,
Inexplicable, guide the moral world.

Active as flame, with prompt obedience all
The will of heaven fulfil: some his fierce wrath
Bear through the nations, pestilence and war:
His copious goodness some, life, light, and bliss,
To thousands. Some the fate of empires rule,
Commission'd, sheltering with their guardian wings
The pious monarch, and the legal throne.

Nor is the sovereign, nor th' illustrious great,
Alone their care. To every lessening rank
Of worth propitious, these blest minds embrace
With universal love the just and good,
Wherever found; unpriz'd, perhaps unknown,
Deprest by fortune, and with hate pursued,
Or insult from the proud oppressor's brow.
Yet dear to heaven, and meriting the watch
Of angels o'er his unambitious walk,
At morn or eve, when Nature's fairest face,
Calmly magnificent, inspires the soul
With virtuous raptures, prompting to forsake
The sin-born vanities, and low pursuits,
That busy human-kind; to view their ways
With pity; to repay, for numerous wrongs,
Meekness and charity. Or, rais'd aloft,
Fir'd with ethereal ardor, to survey
The circuit of creation, all these suns
With all their worlds: and still from height to height,
By things created rising, last ascend

To that First Cause, who made, who governs all,
 Fountain of being, self-existent power,
 All-wise, all-good, who from eternal age
 Endures, and fills th' immensity of space;
 That infinite diffusion, where the mind
 Conceives no limits; undistinguish'd void,
 Invariable, where no land-marks are,
 No paths to guide Imagination's flight.

A M Y N T O R

A N D

THE ODOUR:

O. R.,

T H E H E R M I T.

ADDRESSED TO

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORDS OF THE
COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN

IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED

THE PETITION OF

THE LORDS OF THE COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN



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P R E F A C E.

THE following poem was originally intended for the stage, and planned out, several years ago, into a regular tragedy. But the author found it necessary to change his first design, and to give his work the form it now appears in; for reasons with which it might be impertinent to trouble the public: though, to a man who thinks and feels in a certain manner, those reasons were invincibly strong.

As the scene of the piece is laid in the most remote and unfrequented of all the Hebrides, or western isles that surround one part of Great-Britain; it may not be improper to inform the reader, that he will find a particular account of it, in a little treatise published near half a century ago, under the title of a Voyage to St. Kilda. The Author, who had himself been upon the spot, describes at length the situation, extent, and produce of that solitary island; sketches out the natural history of the birds of season that transmigrate thither annually, and relates the singular customs that still prevailed among the inhabitants: a race of people then the most uncorrupted in their manners, and therefore the least unhappy in their lives, of any, perhaps, on the face of the whole earth. To whom might have been applied what an ancient historian says of certain barbarous nations, when he compares them with their more civilized neighbours: “plus valuit apud Hos
“ignorantia vitiorum, quam apud Græcos omnia
“philosophorum præcepta.”

They live together, as in the greatest simplicity of heart, so in the most inviolable harmony and union of sentiments. They have neither silver nor gold; but barter among themselves for the few necessities they may reciprocally want. To strangers they are extremely hospitable, and no less charitable to their own poor; for whose relief each family in the island contributes its share monthly, and at every festival sends them besides a portion of mutton or beef. Both sexes have a genius to poetry; and compose not only songs, but pieces of a more elevated turn, in their own language, which is very emphatical. One of those islanders, having been prevailed with to visit the greatest trading town in North-Britain, was infinitely astonished at the length of the voyage, and at the mighty kingdoms, for such he reckoned the larger isles, by which they sailed. He would not venture himself into the streets of that city without being led by the hand. At sight of the great church, he owned that it was indeed a lofty rock; but insisted that, in his native country of St. Kilda, there were others still higher. However the caverns formed in it, so he named the pillars and arches on which it is raised, were hollowed, he said, more commodiously than any he had ever seen there. At the shake occasioned in the steeple, and the horrible din that sounded in his ears upon tolling out the great bells, he appeared under the utmost consternation, believing the frame of nature was falling to pieces about him. He thought the persons who wore masks, not distinguishing whether they were men or women, had
been

been guilty of some ill thing, for which they did not dare to shew their faces. The beauty and stateliness of the trees which he saw then for the first time, as in his own island there grows not a shrub, equally surprized and delighted him : but he observed, with a kind of terror, that as he passed among their branches, they pulled him back again. He had been persuaded to drink a pretty large dose of strong waters ; and upon finding himself drowsy after it, and ready to fall into a slumber, which he fancied was to be his last, he expressed to his companions the great satisfaction he felt in so easy a passage out of this world : for, said he, it is attended with no kind of pain.

Among such sort of men it was that Aurelius sought refuge from the violence and cruelty of his enemies.

The time appears to have been towards the latter part of the reign of King Charles the second : when those who governed Scotland under him, with no less cruelty than impolicy, made the people of that country desperate ; and then plundered, imprisoned, or butchered them, for the natural effects of such despair. The best and worthiest men were oft the objects of their most unrelenting fury. Under the title of fanatics, or seditious, they affected to herd, and of course persecuted, whoever wished well to his country, or ventured to stand up in defence of the laws and a legal government. I have now in my hands the copy of a warrant, signed by King Charles himself, for military execution upon them without process or conviction : and I know that the original is still kept in the secretary's office for that part of the united kingdom. Thus much I thought it necessary

to say, that the reader may not be misled to look upon the relation given by Aurelius in the second canto, as drawn from the wantonness of imagination, when it hardly arises to strict historical truth.

What reception this poem may meet with, the author cannot foresee: and, in his humble, but happy retirement, he needs not be over-anxious to know. He has endeavoured to make it one regular and consistent whole; to be true to nature in his thoughts, and to the genius of the language in his manner of expressing them. If he has succeeded in these points, but above all in effectually touching the passions, which, as it is the genuine province, so is it the great triumph, of poetry; the candor of his more discerning readers will readily overlook mistakes or failures in things of less importance.

T O M R S. M A L L E T:

THOU faithful partner of a heart thy own,
Whose pain, or pleasure, springs from thine alone;
Thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
That, in sweet union, harmonize thy mind:
Here, while thy eyes, for sad Amintor's woe,
And Theodora's wreck, wick tears o'erflow,
O may thy friend's warm wish to heaven prefer'd
For thee, for him, by gracious heaven be heard!
So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine,
Unmix'd; and all Amyntor's fondness mine.
So, through long vernal life, with blended ray,
Shall Love light up, and Friendship close our day:
Till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
One sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

A M Y N-

A M Y N T O R

A N D

T H E O D O R A :

O R,

T H E H E R M I T.

C A N T O I.

FA R, in the watery waste, where his broad way

From world to world the vast Atlantic rolls,

On from the piny shores of Labrador

To frozen Thulé east, her airy height

Aloft to heaven remotest Kilda lifts ;

5

Last of the sea-girt Hebrides, that guard,

In filial train, Britannia's parent-coast.

Thrice happy land ! though freezing on the verge

Of arctic skies ; yet, blameless still of arts

That polish, to deprave, each softer clime,

10

With simple nature, simple virtue blest !

Beyond Ambition's walk : where never War

Uprear'd his sanguine standard ; nor unsheath'd,

For wealth or power, the desolating sword.

Where Luxury, soft syren, who around

15

To thousand nations deals her nectar'd cup

Of pleasing bane, that soothes at once and kills,

Is yet a name unknown. But calm content

That

That lives to reason ; ancient Faith that binds
 The plain community of guileless hearts 20
 In love and union ; Innocence of ill
 Their guardian genius : these, the powers that rule
 This little world, to all its sons secure
 Man's happiest life ; the soul serene and sound
 From Passion's rage, the body from disease. 25
 Red on each cheek behold the rose of health ;
 Firm in each sinew Vigor's pliant spring,
 By Temperance brac'd to peril and to pain,
 Amid the floods they stem, or on the steep
 Of upright rocks their straining steps surmount, 30
 For food or pastime. These light up their morn,
 And close their eye in slumber sweetly deep,
 Beneath the north, within the circling swell
 Of oceans raging sound. But last and best,
 What Avarice, what Ambition shall not know, 35
 True Liberty is theirs, the heaven-sent guest,
 Who in the cave, or on th' uncultur'd wild,
 With Independence dwells ; and Peace of mind,
 In youth, in age, their sun that never sets. 40

Daughter of heaven and nature, deign thy aid, 40
 Spontaneous Muse ! O whether from the depth
 Of evening forest, brown with broadest shade ;
 Or from the brow sublime of vernal alp
 As morning dawns ; or from the vale at noon,
 By some soft stream that slides with liquid foot 45
 Through bowery groves, where Inspiration sits
 And listens to thy lore, auspicious come !
 O'er these wild waves, o'er this unharbour'd shore,

Thy

Thy wing high-hovering spread; and to the gale,
The boreal spirit breathing liberal round
From echoing hill to hill, the lyre attune
With answering cadence free, as best befits
The tragic theme my plaintive verse unfolds.

Here, good Aurelius—and a scene more wild
The world around, or deeper solitude,
Affliction could not find—Aurelius here,
By fate unequal and the crime of war
Expell'd his native home, the sacred vale
That saw him blest, now wretched and unknown,
Wore out the slow remains of setting life
In bitterness of thought; and with the fuge,
And with the sounding storm, his murmur'd moan
Would often mix—Oft as remembrance sad
Th' unhappy past recall'd; a faithful wife,
Whom Love first chose, whom Reason long endear'd,
His soul's companion and his softer friend;
With one fair daughter, in her rosy prime,
Her dawn of opening charms, defenceless left
Within a tyrant's grasp! his foe profess'd,
By civil madness, by intemperate zeal
For differing rites, embitter'd into hate,
And cruelty remorseless!—Thus he liv'd:
If this was life, to load the blast with sighs;
Hung o'er its edge, to swell the flood with tears,
At midnight hour: for midnight frequent heard
The lonely mourner, desolate of heart,
Pour all the husband, all the father forth
In unavailing anguish; stretch'd along

The

The naked beach; or shivering on the cliff,
Smote with the wintry pole in bitter storm, 80
Hail, snow, and shower, dark-drifting round his head.

Such were his hours; till Time, the wretch's friend,
Life's great physician, skill'd alone to close,
Where sorrow long has wak'd, the weeping eye,
And from the brain, with baleful vapours black, 85
Each sullen spectre chase, his balm at length,
Lenient of pain, through every fever'd pulse
With gentlest hand infus'd. A pensive calm
Arose, but unassur'd: as, after winds

Of rustling wing, the sea subsiding slow 90
Still trembles from the storm. Now Reason first,
Her throne resuming, bid Devotion raise
To heaven his eye; and through the turbid mists,
By sense dark-drawn between, adoring own,
Sole arbiter of fate, one Cause supreme,
All-just, all-wise, who bids what still is best, 95
In cloud or sun-shine; whose severest hand
Wounds but to heal, and chastens to amend.

Thus, in his bosom, every weak excess,
The rage of grief, the feltness of revenge, 100
To healthful measure temper'd and reduc'd
By Virtue's hand; and in her brightening beam
Each error clear'd away, as fen-born fogs
Before the ascending sun; through faith he lives
Beyond Time's bounded continent, the walks 105
Of Sin and Death. Anticipating heaven
In pious hope, he seems already there,
Safe on her sacred shore; and sees beyond,

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 239

In radiant view, the world of light and love,
 Where Peace delights to dwell ; where one fair morn
 Still orient smiles, and one diffusive spring, 111
 That fears no storm and shall no winter know,
 Th' immortal year empurples. If a sigh
 Yet murmurs from his breast ; 'tis for the pangs
 Those dearest names, a wife, a child, must feel, 115
 Still suffering in his fate : 'tis for a foe,
 Who, deaf himself to mercy, may of heaven
 That mercy, when most wanted, ask in vain.

The sun, now station'd with the lucid Twins,
 O'er every southern clime had pour'd profuse 120
 The rosy year ; and in each pleasing hue,
 That greens the leaf, or through the blossom glows
 With florid light, his fairest month array'd :
 While Zephyre, while the silver-footed dews,
 Her soft attendants, wide o'er field and grove 125
 Fresh spirit breathe, and shed perfuming balm.
 Nor here, in this chill region, on the brow
 Of winter's waste dominion, is unfelt
 The ray ethereal, or unhail'd the rise
 Of her mild reign. From warbling vale and hill, 130
 With wild-thyme flowering, betony, and balm,
 Blue lavender and carmel's spicy root,
 Song, fragrance, health, ambrosiate every breeze.

But,

Line 132. The root of this plant, otherwise named
 "argatilis sylvaticus," is aromatic ; and by the natives
 reckoned cordial to the stomach. See Martin's Western
 Isles of Scotland, p. 180.

But, high above, the season full exerts
 Its vernant force in yonder peopled rocks, 135
 To whose wild solitude, from worlds unknown,
 The birds of passage transmigrating come,
 Unnumber'd colonies of foreign wing,
 At Nature's summons their aëreal state
 Annual to found; and in bold voyage steer, 140
 O'er this wide ocean, through yon pathless sky,
 One certain flight to one appointed shore:
 By heaven's directive spirit, here to raise
 Their temporary realm; and form secure,
 Where food awaits them copious from the wave, 145
 And shelter from the rock, their nuptial leagues:
 Each tribe apart, and all on tasks of love,
 To hatch the pregnant egg, to rear and guard
 Their helpless infants, piously intent.

Led by the day abroad, with lonely step, 150
 And ruminating sweet and bitter thought,
 Aurelius, from the western bay, his eye
 Now rais'd to this amusive scene in air,
 With wonder mark'd; now cast with level ray
 Wide o'er the moving wilderness of waves, 155
 From pole to pole through boundless space diffus'd,
 Magnificently dreadful! where, at large,
 Leviathan, with each inferior name
 Of sea-born kinds, ten thousand thousand tribes,
 Finds endless range for pasture and for sport. 160
 Amaz'd he gazes, and adoring owns
 The hand Almighty, who its channel'd bed
 Immeasurable sunk, and pour'd abroad,

Fenc'd

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 241

Fenc'd with eternal mounds, the fluid sphere;
 With every wind to waft large commerce on, 165
 Join pole to pole, consociate sever'd worlds,
 And link in bonds of intercourse and love
 Earth's universal family. Now rose
 Sweet evening's solemn hour. The sun declin'd
 Hung golden o'er this nether firmament; 170
 Whose broad cerulean mirror, calmly bright,
 Gave back his beamy visage to the sky
 With splendor undiminish'd; and each cloud,
 White, azure, purple, glowing round his throne
 In fair æreal landscape. Here, alone 175
 On earth's remotest verge, Aurelius breath'd
 The healthful gale, and felt the smiling scene
 With awe-mix'd pleasure, musing as he hung
 In silence o'er the billows hush'd beneath.
 When lo! a sound, amid the wave-worn rocks, 180
 Deaf-murmuring rose, and plaintive roll'd along
 From cliff to cavern: as the breath of winds,
 At twilight-hour, remote and hollow heard
 Through wintry pines, high-waving o'er the steep
 Of sky-crown'd Apenine. The Sea-pye ceas'd 185
 At once to warble. Screaming, from his nest
 The Fulmar soar'd, and shot a westward flight
 From shore to sea. On came, before her hour,
 Invading night, and hung the troubled sky
 With fearful blackness round *. Sad ocean's face 190
 A curling undulation shivery swept
 From wave to wave: and now impetuous rose,

R. Thick

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 58.

Thick cloud and storm and ruin on his wing,
 The raging South, and headlong o'er the deep
 Fell horrible, with broad-descending blast. 195
 Aloft, and safe beneath a sheltering cliff,
 Whose moss-grown summit on the distant flood
 Projected frowns, Aurelius stood appall'd :
 His stunn'd ear smote with all the thundering main !
 His eye with mountains surging to the stars ! 200
 Commotion infinite. Where yon last wave
 Blends with the sky its foam, a ship in view
 Shoots sudden forth, steep-falling from the clouds :
 Yet distant seen and dim ; till, onward-borne
 Before the blast, each growing sail expands, 205
 Each mast aspires, and all th' advancing frame
 Bounds on his eye distinct. With sharpen'd ken
 Its course he watches, and in awful thought
 That power invokes, whose voice the wild winds hear,
 Whose nod the surge reveres, to look from heaven, 210
 And save, who else must perish, wretched men,
 In this dark hour, amid the dread abyss,
 With fears amaz'd, by horrors compass'd round.
 But O, ill-omen'd, death-devoted heads !
 For death bestrides the billow, nor your own, 215
 Nor others' offer'd vows can stay the flight
 Of instant fate. And, lo ! his secret seat,
 Where never sun-beam glimmer'd, deep amidst
 A cavern's jaws voraginous and vast,
 The stormy Genius of the deep forsakes : 220
 And o'er the waves, that roar beneath his frown,
 Ascending baleful, bids the tempest spread,

Turbid

AMYNTA AND THEODORA. 243

Turbid and terrible with hail and rain,
 Its blackest pinion, pour its loudening blasts
 In whirlwind forth, and from their lowest depth 235
 Upturn the world of waters. Round and round
 The tortur'd ship, at his imperious call,
 Is wheel'd in dizzy whirl: her guiding helm
 Breaks short; her masts in crashing ruin fall;
 And each rent sail flies loose in distant air. 230
 Now, fearful moment! o'er the foundering hull,
 Half ocean heav'd, in one broad billowy curve,
 Steep from the clouds with horrid shade impends—
 Ah! save them, heaven! it bursts in deluge down
 With boundless undulation. Shore and sky 235
 Rebellow to the roar. At once engulph'd,
 Vessel and crew beneath its torrent sweep
 Are sunk, to rise no more. Aurelius weeps
 The tear, unbidden dew'd his hoary cheek.
 He turn'd his step; he fled the fatal scene, 240
 And brooding, in sad silence, o'er the sight
 To him alone disclos'd, his wounded heart
 Pour'd out to heaven in sighs: Thy will be done,
 Not mine, supreme Disposer of Events!
 But death demands a tear, and man must feel 245
 For human woes: the rest submission checks.

Not distant far, where this receding bay *
 Looks northward on the pole, a rocky arch
 Expands its self-pois'd concave; as the gate,
 Ample, and broad, and pillar'd massy-proof, 250

R 2

Of

* See Martin's voyage to St. Kilda, p. 20.

Of some unfolding temple. On its height
 Is heard the tread of daily-climbing flocks,
 That, o'er the green roof spread, their fragrant food
 Untended crop. As through this cavern'd path,
 Involv'd in pensive thought Aurelius past, 255
 Struck with sad echoes from the sounding vault
 Remurmur'd shrill, he stopt, he rais'd his head;
 And saw th' assembled natives in a ring,
 With wonder and with pity bending o'er
 A shipwreck'd man. All-motionless on earth 260
 He lay. The living lustre from his eye,
 The vermil hue extinguish'd from his cheek:
 And in their place, on each chill feature spread,
 The shadowy cloud and ghastliness of death
 With pale suffusion sat. So looks the moon, 265
 So faintly wan, through hovering mists at eve,
 Grey autumn's train. Fast from his hairs distill'd
 The briny wave: and close within his grasp
 Was clench'd a broken oar, as one who long
 Had stem'd the flood with agonizing breast, 270
 And struggled strong for life. Of youthful prime
 He seem'd, and built by Nature's noblest hand;
 Where bold proportion, and where softening grace,
 Mix'd in each limb, and harmoniz'd his frame.

Aurelius, from the breathless clay, his eye 275
 To heaven imploring rais'd: then, for he knew
 That life, within her central cell retir'd,
 May lurk unseen, diminish'd but not quench'd,
 He bid transport it speedy through the vale,
 To his poor cell that lonely stood and low, 280

Safe

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 245

Safe from the north beneath a sloping hill :
 An antique frame, orbicular, and rais'd
 On columns rude ; its roof with reverend moss
 Light-shaded o'er ; its front in ivy hid,
 That mantling crept aloft. With pious hand 285
 They turn'd, they chaf'd his frozen limbs, and fum'd
 The vapory air with aromatic smells :
 Then, drops of sovereign efficacy, drawn
 From mountain plants, within his lips infus'd.
 Slow, from the mortal trance, as men from dreams 290
 Of direful vision, shuddering he awakes :
 While life, to scarce-felt motion, faintly lifts
 His fluttering pulse, and gradual o'er his cheek
 The rosy current wins its reflux way.
 Recovering to new pain, his eyes he turn'd 295
 Severe on heaven, on the surrounding hills
 With twilight dim, and on the croud unknown
 Dissolv'd in tears around : then clos'd again,
 As loathing light and life. At length, in sounds
 Broken and eager, from his heaving breast 300
 Distraction spoke—Down, down with every sail.
 Mercy, sweet heaven ! — Ha ! now whole ocean sweeps
 In tempest o'er our heads—My soul's last hope !
 We will not part—Help ! help ! yon wave, behold !
 That swells betwixt, has borne her from my sight. 305
 O, for a sun to light this black abyss !
 Gone—lost—for ever lost ! He ceas'd. Amaze
 And trembling on the pale assistants fell :
 Whom now, with greeting and the words of peace,
 Aurelius bid depart. A pause ensued, 315

Mute, mournful, solemn. On the stranger's face
 Observant, anxious, hung his fix'd regard:
 Watchful his ear, each murmur, every breath,
 Attentive seiz'd; now eager to begin
 Consoling speech; now doubtful to invade 315
 The sacred silence due to grief supreme.
 Then thus at last: O from devouring seas,
 By miracle escap'd! if, with thy life,
 Thy sense return'd, can yet discern the Hand,
 All-wonderful, that through yon raging sea, 320
 Yon whirling west of tempest, led thee safe;
 That Hand divine with grateful awe confess,
 With prostrate thanks adore. When thou, alas!
 Wast number'd with the dead, and clos'd within
 Th' unfathom'd gulph; when human hope was fled,
 And human help in vain—th' Almighty Voice, 325
 Then bade destruction spare, and bade the deep
 Yield up its prey: that, by his mercy sav'd,
 That mercy, thy fair life's remaining race,
 A monument of wonder as of love, 330
 May justify; to all the sons of men,
 Thy brethren, ever present in their need.
 Such praise delights him most—

He hears me not.

Some secret anguish, some transcendent woe, 335
 Sits heavy on his heart, and from his eyes,
 Through the clos'd lids, now rolls in bitter stream!
 Yet, speak thy soul, afflicted as thou art!
 For know, by mournful privilege 'tis mine,
 Myself most wretched and in sorrow's ways 340

Severely

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 247

Severely train'd, to share in every pang:
The wretched feel; to soothe the sad of heart;
To number tear for tear, and groan for groan,
With every son and daughter of distress.

Speak then, and give thy labouring bosom vent: 345
My pity is, my friendship shall be, thine;
To calm thy pain, and guide thy virtue back,
Through reason's paths, to happiness and heaven.

The hermit thus: and, after some sad pause
Of musing wonder, thus the Man unknown. 350

What have I heard?—On this untravel'd shore,
Nature's last limit, hem'd with oceans round.
Howling and harbourless, beyond all faith
A comforter to find! whose language wears
The garb of civil life; a friend, whose breast: 355

The gracious meltings of sweet pity move!
Amazement all! my grief to silence charm'd
Is lost in wonder—But, thou good unknown,
If woes, for ever wedded to despair,
That wish no cure, are thine, behold in me 360

A meet companion; one whom earth and heaven
Combine to curse; whom never future morn
Shall light to joy, nor evening with repose
Descending shade—O, son of this wild world!
From social converse though for ever barr'd, 365

Though chill'd with endless winter from the pole,
Yet warm'd by goodness, form'd to tender sense
Of human woes, beyond what milder climes,
By fairer suns attemper'd; courtly boast;
O say, did e'er thy breast, in youthful life, 370

Touch'd by a beam from Beauty all-divine,
 Did e'er thy bosom her sweet influence own,
 In pleasing tumult pour'd through every vein,
 And panting at the heart, when first our eye
 Receives impression! Then, as passion grew, — 375
 Did heaven consenting to thy wish indulge
 That bliss no wealth can bribe, no power bestow,
 That bliss of angels, love by love repaid?
 Heart streaming full to heart in mutual flow
 Of faith and friendship, tenderness and truth— 380
 If these thy fate distinguish'd, thou wilt then,
 My joys conceiving, image my despair,
 How total! how extreme! For this, all this,
 Late my fair fortune, wreck'd on yonder flood,
 Lies lost and bury'd there—O, awful heaven! 385
 Who to the wind and to the whelming wave
 Her blameless head devoted, thou alone
 Canst tell what I have lost—O, ill-starr'd maid!
 O, most undone Amyntor! — Sighs and tears,
 And heart-heav'd groans, at this, his voice suppress'd:
 The rest was agony and dumb despair. 391
 Now o'er their heads damp night her stormy gloom
 Spread, ere the glimmering twilight was expir'd,
 With huge and heavy horror closing round
 In doubling clouds on clouds. The mournful scene, 195
 The moving tale, Aurelius deeply felt:
 And thus reply'd, as one in Nature skill'd,
 With soft assenting sorrow in his look,
 And words to soothe, not combat hopeless love.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 249

Amyntor, by that heaven who sees thy tears! 400
 By faith and friendship's sympathy divine!
 Could I the sorrows heal I more than share,
 This bosom, trust me, should from thine transfer
 Its sharpest grief. Such grief, alas! how just?
 How long in silent anguish to descend, 405
 When reason and when fondness o'er the tomb
 Are fellow-mourners? He, who can resign,
 Has never lov'd: and wert thou to the sense,
 The sacred feeling of a loss like thine,
 Cold and insensible, thy breast were then 410
 No mansion for humanity, or thought
 Of noble aim. Their dwelling is with love,
 And tender pity; whose kind tear adorns
 The clouded cheek, and sanctifies the soul
 They soften, not subdue. We both will mix, 415
 For her thy virtue lov'd, thy truth laments,
 Our social sighs: and still, as morn unveils
 The brightening hill, or evening's misty shade
 Its brow obscures, her gracefulness of form,
 Her mind all-lovely, each enobling each, 420
 Shall be our frequent theme. Then shalt thou hear
 From me, in sad return, a tale of woes,
 So terrible—Amyntor, thy pain'd heart,
 Amid its own, will shudder at the ills
 That mine has bled with—But behold! the dark 425
 And drowsy hour steals fast upon our talk.
 Here break we off: and thou, sad mourner, try
 Thy weary limbs, thy wounded mind, to balm
 With timely sleep. Each gracious wing from heaven
 Of

Of those that minister to erring man, 430
 Near-hovering, hush thy passions into calm ;
 Serene thy slumbers with presented scenes
 Of brightest vision ; whisper to thy heart
 That holy peace which goodness ever shares :
 And to us both be friendly as we need. 435

C A N T O II.

NOW midnight rose, and o'er the general scene,
 Air, ocean, earth, drew broad her blackest veil,
 Vapour and cloud. Around th' unsleeping isle,
 Yet howl'd the whirlwind, yet the billow groan'd ;
 And, in mix'd horror, to Amyntor's ear 5
 Borne through the gloom, his shrieking sense appall'd.
 Shook by each blast, and swept by every wave,
 Again pale memory labours in the storm :
 Again from her is torn, whom more than life
 His fondness lov'd. And now, another shower 10
 Of sorrow, o'er the dear unhappy maid,
 Effusive stream'd ; till late, through every power
 The soul subdued sunk sad to slow repose :
 And all her darkening scenes, by dim degrees,
 Were quench'd in total night. A pause from pain 15
 Not long to last : for Fancy, oft awake
 While Reason sleeps, from her illusive cell
 Call'd up wild shapes of visionary fear,
 Of visionary bliss, the hour of rest
 To mock with mimic shews. And lo ! the deeps 20
 In

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 251

In airy tumult swell. Beneath a hill
 Amyntor heaves of overwhelming seas;
 Or rides, with dizzy dread, from cloud to cloud,
 The billow's back. Anon, the shadowy world
 Shifts to some boundless continent unknown,
 Where solitary, o'er the starless void,
 Dumb silence broods. Through heaths of dreary length,
 Slow on he drags his staggering step infirm
 With breathless toil; hears torrent floods afar
 Roar through the wild; and, plung'd in central caves,
 Falls headlong many a fathom into night.
 Yet there, at once, in all her living charms,
 And brightening with their glow the brown abyss,
 Rose Theodora. Smiling, in her eye
 Sat, without cloud; the soft-consenting soul,
 That, guilt unknowing, had no wish to hide.
 A spring of sudden myrtles flowering round
 Their walk embower'd; while nightingales beneath
 Sung spousals, as along th' enamel'd turf
 They seem'd to fly, and interchang'd their souls,
 Melting in mutual softness. Thrice his arms
 The Fair encircled: thrice she fled his grasp,
 And fading into darkness mix'd with air—
 O, turn! O, stay thy flight! — so loud he cry'd,
 Sleep and its train of humid vapours fled.
 He groan'd, he gaz'd around: his inward sense
 Yet glowing with the vision's vivid beam,
 Still, on his eye, the hovering shadow blaz'd;
 Her voice still murmur'd in his tinkling ear;
 Grateful deception! till returning thought

Left broad awake, amid th' incumbent lour
 Of mute and mournful night, again he felt
 His grief inflam'd throb fresh in every vein.
 To frenzy stung, upstarting from his couch,
 The vale, the shore, with darkling step he roam'd, 55
 Like some drear spectre from the grave unbound :
 Then, scaling yonder cliff, prone o'er its brow
 He hung, in act to plunge amid the flood
 Scarce from that height discern'd. Nor reason's voice,
 Nor ow'd submission to the will of heaven, 60
 Restrains him; but, as passion whirls his thought,
 Fond expectation, that perchance escap'd,
 Though passing all belief, the frailer skiff,
 To which himself had borne th' unhappy Fair,
 May yet be seen. Around, o'er sea and shore, 65
 He roll'd his ardent eye; but nought around
 On land or wave within his ken appears,
 Nor skiff, nor floating corse, on which to shed
 The last sad tear, and lay the covering mold !

And now, wide open'd by the wakeful hours 70
 Heaven's orient gate, forth on her progress comes
 Aurora smiling, and her purple lamp
 Lifts high o'er earth and sea : while, all-unveil'd,
 The vast horizon on Amyntor's eye
 Pours full its scenes of wonder, wildly great, 75
 Magnificently various. From this steep,
 Diffus'd immense in rolling prospect lay
 The northern deep. Amidst, from space to space,
 Her numerous isles, rich gems of Albion's crown,
 As slow th' ascending mists disperse in air, 80

Shoot

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 253

Shoot gradual from her bosom : and beyond,
 Like distant clouds blue-floating on the verge
 Of evening skies, break forth the dawning hills.
 A thousand landscapes ! barren some and bare,
 Rock pil'd on rock, amazing, up to heaven, 85
 Of horrid grandeur : some with sounding ash,
 Or oak broad-shadowing, or the spiry growth
 Of waving pine high-plum'd, and all beheld
 More lovely in the sun's adorning beam ;
 Who now, fair-rising o'er yon eastern cliff, 90
 The vernal verdure tinctures gay with gold.

Mean while Aurelius, wak'd from sweet repose,
 Repose that Temperance sheds in timely dew
 On all who live to her, his mournful guest
 Came forth to hail, as hospitable rites 95
 And Virtue's rule enjoin : but first to him,
 Spring of all charity, who gave the heart
 With kindly sense to glow, his matin-song,
 Superior duty, thus the sage address :

Fountain of light ! from whom yon orient sun 100
 First drew his splendor ; Source of life and love !
 Whose smile now wakes o'er earth's rekindling face
 The boundless blust of spring ; O, First and Best !
 Thy essence, though from human sight and search,
 Though from the climb of all created thought, 105
 Ineffably remov'd ; yet man himself,
 Thy lowest child of reason, man may read
 Unbounded power, intelligence supreme,
 The Maker's hand, on all his works impress,
 In characters coëval with the sun, 110
 And

And with the sun to last ; from world to world,
 From age to age, in every clime, disclos'd,
 Sole revelation through all time the same.
 Hail, universal Goodness ! with full stream
 For ever flowing from beneath the throne 125
 Through earth, air, sea, to all things that have life :
 From all that live on earth, in air and sea,
 The great community of Nature's sons,
 To thee, first Father, ceaseless praise ascend !
 And in the reverent hymn my grateful voice 126
 Be duly heard, among thy works not least,
 Nor lowest ; with intelligence inform'd,
 To know thee, and adore ; with free-will crown'd,
 Where Virtue leads, to follow and be blest.
 O, whether by thy prime decree ordain'd 125
 To days of future life ; or whether now
 The mortal hour is instant, still vouchsafe,
 Parent and friend, to guide me blameless on
 Through this dark scene of error and of ill,
 Thy truth to light me, and thy peace to cheer. 130
 All else, of me unask'd, thy will supreme
 With-hold or grant : and let that will be done.

This from the soul in silence breath'd sincere,
 The hill's steep side with firm elastic step
 He lightly scal'd : such health the frugal board, 135
 The morn's fresh breath that exercise respires
 In mountain-walks, and conscience free from blame,
 Our life's best cordial, can through age prolong.
 There, lost in thought, and self-abandon'd, lay
 The man unknown ; nor heard approach his host, 140

Nor

Nor rais'd his drooping head. Aurelius mov'd
By soft compassion, which the savage scene,
Shut up and barr'd amid surrounding seas
From human commerce, quicken'd into sense
Of sharper sorrow, thus apart began.

O sight, that from the eye of wealth or pride,
Ev'n in their hour of vainest thought, might draw
A feeling tear! Whom yesterday beheld
By love and fortune crown'd, of all possesst
That Fancy, tranc'd in fairest vision, dreams;
Now lost to all, each hope that softens life,
Each bliss that cheers; there, on the damp earth spread,
Beneath a heaven-unknown, behold him now!
And let the gay, the fortunate, the great,
The proud, be taught, what now the wretched feel,
The happy have to fear. O man forlorn,
Too plain I read thy heart, by fondness drawn
To this sad scene, to sights that but inflame
Its tender anguish—

Hear me, heaven! exclaim'd
The frantic mourner, could that anguish rise
To madness and to mortal agony,
I yet would bless my fate; by one kind pang,
From what I feel, the keener pangs of thought
For ever freed. To me the sun is lost:
To me the future flight of days and years
Is darkness, is despair—But who complains
Forgets that he can die. O, sainted maid!
For such in heaven thou art, if from thy seat
Of holy rest, beyond these changeeful skies,

If

If names on earth most sacred once and dear,
 A lover and a friend, if yet these names
 Can wake thy pity, dart one guiding ray
 To light me where, in cave or creek, are thrown
 Thy lifeless limbs: that I—O grief supreme! 175
 O fate remorseless! was thy lover sav'd

For such a task?—that I those dear remains,
 With maiden-rites adorn'd, at last may lodge
 Beneath the hallow'd vault; and, weeping there
 O'er thy cold urn, await the hour to close 180
 These eyes in peace, and mix this dust with thine!

Such, and so dire, reply'd the cordial friend
 In pity's look and language, such, alas!
 Were late my thoughts. Whate'er the human heart
 Can most afflict, grief, agony, despair,
 Have all been mine, and with alternate war 185
 This bosom ravag'd. Harken then, good youth;
 My story mark, and from another's fate,
 Pre-eminently wretched, learn thy own,
 Sad as it seems, to balance and to bear. 190

In me, a man behold, whose morn serene,
 Whose noon of better life, with honour spent,
 In virtuous purpose, or in honest act,
 Drew fair distinction on my public name,
 From those among mankind, the nobler few, 195
 Whose praise is fame: but there, in that true source
 Whence happiness with purest stream descends,
 In home found peace and love, supremely blest!
 Union of hearts, consent of wedded wills,
 By friendship knit, by mutual faith secur'd, 200

Our

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 257

Our hopes and fears, our earth and heaven the same !
 At last, Amyntor, in my failing age,
 Fallen from such height, and with the felon-herd,
 Robbers and outlaws, number'd—thought that still
 Stings deep the heart, and clothes the cheek with shame !
 Then doom'd to feel what guilt alone should fear,
 The hand of public vengeance ; arm'd by rage,
 Not justice ; rais'd to injure, not redress ;
 To rob, not guard ; to ruin, not defend :

And all, O sovereign Reason ! all deriv'd 210
 From Power that claims thy warrant to do wrong !

A right divine to violate unblam'd
 Each law, each rule, that, by himself observ'd,
 The God prescribes whose sanction kings pretend !

O Charles ! O monarch ! in long exile train'd, 215
 Whole hopeless years, th' oppressor's hand to know
 How hateful and how hard ; thyself reliev'd,
 Now hear thy people, groaning under wrongs
 Of equal load, adjure thee by those days
 Of want and woe, of danger and despair, 220
 As heaven has thine, to pity their distress !

Yet, from the plain good meaning of my heart,
 Be far th' unhallow'd licence of abuse ;
 Be far the bitterness of faintly zeal,
 That impious hid behind the patriot's name 215
 Masks hate and malice to the legal throne,
 In justice founded, circumscrib'd by laws,
 The prince to guard—but guard the people too :
 Chief, one prime good to guard inviolate,
 Soul of all worth, and sum of human bliss, 230

Fair Freedom, birth-right of all thinking kinds,
Reason's great charter, from no king deriv'd,
By none to be reclaim'd, man's right divine,
Which God, who gave, indelible pronounc'd.

But if, disclaiming this his heaven-own'd right, 233
This first best tenure by which monarchs rule;
If, meant the blessing, he becomes the bane,
The wolf, not shepherd, of his subject-flock,
To grind and tear, not shelter and protect,
Wide-wasting where he reigns—to such a prince, 240
Allegiance kept were treason to mankind;
And loyalty, revolt from virtue's law.

For say, Amyntor, does just heaven enjoin
That we should homage hell? or bend the knee
To earthquake, or volcano, when they rage, 245
Rend earth's firm frame, and in one boundless grave
Engulph their thousands? Yet, O grief to tell!
Yet such, of late, o'er this devoted land,
Was public rule. Our servile stripes and chains,

Our sighs and groans resounding from the steep 250
Of wintry hill, or waste untravel'd heath,
Last refuge of our wretchedness, not guilt,
Proclaim'd it loud to heaven: the arm of power
Extended fatal, but to crush the head
It ought to screen, or with a parent's love 255
Reclaim from error; not with deadly hate,
The tyrant's law, exterminate who err.

In this wide ruin were my fortunes sunk:
Myself, as one contagious to his kind,
Whom nature, whom the social life renounc'd, 260

Un-

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 259

Unsummon'd, unimpleaded, was to death,
 To shameful death adjudg'd; against my head
 The price of blood proclaim'd, and at my heels
 Let loose the murderous cry of human hounds.
 And this blind fury of commission'd rage, 265
 Of party-vengeance, to a fatal foe,
 Known and abhorr'd for deeds of direst name,
 Was given in charge: a foe, whom blood-stain'd zeal
 For what—O hear it not, all-righteous heaven!
 Lest thy rouz'd thunder burst—for what was deem'd
 Religion's cause, had savag'd to a brute,
 More deadly fell than hunger ever stung
 To prowl in wood or wild. His band he arm'd,
 Sons of perdition, miscreants with all guilt
 Familiar, and in each dire art of death 275
 Train'd ruthless up. As tigers on their prey,
 On my defenceless lands those fiercer beasts
 Devouring fell: nor that sequester'd shade,
 That sweet recess, where Love and Virtue long
 In happy league had dwelt, which war itself 280
 Beheld with reverence, could their fury scape;
 Despoil'd, defac'd, and wrapt in wasteful flames:
 For flame and rapine their consuming march,
 From hill to vale, by daily ruin mark'd.
 So, borne by winds along, in baleful cloud, 285
 Embodiy'd locusts from the wing descend
 On herb, fruit, flower, and kill the ripening year:
 While, waste behind, destruction on their track
 And ghastly famine wait. My wife and child
 He drag'd, the ruffian drag'd—O heaven! do I, 290

A man, survive to tell it? At the hour
 Sacred to rest, amid the sighs and tears
 Of all who saw and curs'd his coward-rage,
 He forc'd, un pitying, from their midnight-bed,
 By menace, or by torture, from their fears — 295
 My last retreat to learn; and still detains
 Beneath his roof accurst. That best of wives!
 Emilia! and our only pledge of love,
 My blooming Theodora!—Manhood there,
 And nature bleed—Ah! let not busy thought 300
 Search thither, but avoid the fatal coast:
 Discovery, there, once more my peace of mind
 Might wreck; once more to desperation sink
 My hopes in heaven. He said: but O sad Muse!
 Can all thy moving energy, of power 305
 To shake the heart, to freeze th' arrested blood,
 With words that weep, and strains that agonize;
 Can all this mournful magic of thy voice
 Tell what Amyntor feels? O heaven! art thou—
 What have I heard?—Aurelius! art thou he?—
 Confusion! horror!—that most wrong'd of men!
 And, O most wretched too! alas, no more,
 No more a father—On that fatal flood,
 Thy Theodora—At these words he fell.
 A deadly cold ran freezing through his veins: 315
 And life was on the wing her loath'd abode
 For ever to forsake. As on his way
 The traveller, from heaven by lightning struck,
 Is fix'd at once immoveable; his eye
 With terror glaring wild; his stiffening limbs 320
 In

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 261

In sudden marble bound : so stood, so look'd
 The heart-smote parent at this tale of death,
 Half-utter'd, yet too plain. No sigh to rise,
 No tear had force to flow ; his senses all,
 Through all their powers, suspended, and subdued 325
 To chill amazement. Silence for a space—
 Such dismal silence saddens earth and sky
 Ere first the thunder breaks—on either side
 Fill'd up this interval severe. At last,
 As from some vision that to frenzy fires 330
 The sleeper's brain, Amyntor waking wild,
 A poniard, hid beneath his various robe,
 Drew furious forth—Me, me, he cry'd, on me
 Let all thy wrongs be visited ; and thus
 My horrors end—then madly would have plung'd 335
 The weapon's hostile point.—His lifted arm,
 Aurelius, though with deep dismay and dread
 And anguish shook, yet his superior soul
 Collecting, and resuming all himself,
 Seiz'd sudden : then perusing with strict eye, 340
 And beating heart, Amyntor's blooming form ;
 Nor from his air or feature gathering aught
 To wake remembrance, thus at length bespoke.

O dire attempt ! Whoe'er thou art, yet stay
 Thy hand self-violent ; nor thus to guilt, 345
 If guilt is thine, accumulating add
 A crime that nature shrinks from, and to which
 Heaven has indulg'd no mercy. Sovereign Judge !
 Shall man first violate the law divine,
 That plac'd him here dependent on thy nod, 350

Resign'd, unmurmuring, to await his hour
 Of fair dismissal hence ; shall man do this,
 Then dare thy presence, rush into thy sight,
 Red with the sin, and recent from the stain,
 Of unrepented blood ? Call home thy sense ; 355
 Know what thou art, and own his hand most just,
 Rewarding or afflicting — But say on.
 My soul, yet trembling at thy frantic deed,
 Recals thy words, recals their dire import :
 They urge me on ; they bid me ask no more — 360
 What would I ask ? My Theodora's fate,
 Ah me ! is known too plain. Have I then sin'd,
 Good heaven ! beyond all grace — But shall I blame
 His rage of grief, and in myself admit
 Its wild excess ? Heaven gave her to my wish ; 365
 That gift Heaven has resum'd : righteous in both,
 For both his providence be ever blest !

By shame repress'd, with rising wonder fill'd,
 Amyntor, slow-recovering into thought,
 Submissive on his knee, the good man's hand 370
 Grasped close, and bore with ardour to his lips.
 His eye, where fear, confusion, reverence spoke,
 Through swelling tears, what language cannot tell,
 Now rose to meet, now shun'd the Hermit's glance,
 Shot awful at him : till, the various swell 375
 Of passion ebbing, thus he faltering spoke :

What hast thou done ? why sav'd a wretch unknown ?
 Whom knowing ev'n thy goodness must abhor.
 Mistaken man ! the honour of thy name,
 Thy love, truth, duty, all must be my foes. 380

I am

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 263

I am—Aurelius ! turn that look aside,
 That brow of terror, while this wretch can say,
 Abhorrent say, he is—Forgive me, heaven !
 Forgive me, virtue ! if I would renounce
 Whom nature bids me reverence—by her bond, 385
 Rolando's son : by your more sacred ties,
 As to his crimes, an alien to his blood ;
 For crimes like his—

Rolando's son ? Just heaven !
 Ha ! here ? and in my power ? A war of thoughts, 390
 All terrible arising, shakes my frame
 With doubtful conflict. By one stroke to reach
 The father's heart, though seas are spread between,
 Were great revenge !—Away : revenge ? on whom ?
 Alas ! on my own soul ; by rage betray'd 395
 Ev'n to the crime my reason most condemns
 In him who ruin'd me. Deep-mov'd he spoke ;
 And his own poniard o'er the prostrate youth
 Suspended held. But, as the welcome blow,
 With arms display'd, Amyntor seem'd to court, 400
 Behold, in sudden confluence gathering round
 The natives stood ; whom kindness hither drew,
 The man unknown, with each relieving aid
 Of love and care, as ancient rites ordain,
 To succour and to serve. Before them came 405
 Montano, venerable sage, whose head
 The hand of time with twenty winters' snow
 Had shower'd ; and to whose intellectual eye
 Futurity, behind her cloudy veil,
 Stands in fair light disclos'd. Him, after pause, 410

Aurelius drew apart, and in his care
 Amyntor plac'd ; to lodge him and secure ;
 To save him from himself, as one, with grief
 Tempestuous, and with rage, distemper'd deep.
 This done, nor waiting for reply, alone 415
 He fought the vale, and his calm cottage gain'd.

C A N T O III.

W H E R E Kilda's southern hills their summit lift
 With triple fork to heaven, the mounted sun
 Full, from the midmost, shot in dazzling stream
 His noon-tide ray. And now, in lowing train,
 Were seen slow-pacing westward o'er the vale 5
 The milky mothers, foot pursuing foot,
 And nodding as they move ; their oozy meal,
 The bitter healthful herbage of the shore,
 Around its rocks to graze : * for, strange to tell !
 The hour of ebb, though ever varying found, 10
 As yon pale planet wheels from day to day
 Her course inconstant, their sure instinct feels,
 Intelligent of times ; by heaven's own hand,

To

* The cows often feed on the alga marina : and they can distinguish exactly the tide of ebb from the tide of flood ; though, at the same time, they are not within view of the shore. When the tide has ebbed about two hours, then they steer their course directly to the nearest shore, in their usual order, one after another. I had occasion to make this observation thirteen times in one week. Martin's Western Isles of Scotland, p. 156.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 265

To all its creatures equal in its care,
 Unerring mov'd. These signs observ'd, that guide 15
 To labour and repose a simple race,
 These native signs to due repast at noon,
 Frugal and plain, had warn'd the temperate isle :
 All but Aurelius. He, unhappy man,
 By nature's voice solicited in vain, 20
 Nor hour observ'd, nor due repast partook.
 The child no more ! the mother's fate untold !
 Both in black prospect rising to his eye—
 'Twas anguish there ; 'twas here distracting doubt !
 Yet, after long and painful conflict borne, 25
 Where nature, reason, oft the doubtful scale
 Inclined alternate, summoning each aid
 That virtue lends, and o'er each thought infirm
 Superior rising, in the might of Him,
 Who strength from weakness, as from darkness light, 30
 Omnipotent can draw ; again resign'd,
 Again he sacrific'd, to heaven's high will,
 Each soothing weakness of a parent's breast ;
 The sigh soft memory prompts ; the tender tear,
 That, streaming o'er an object lov'd and lost, 35
 With mournful magic tortures and delights,
 Relieves us, while its sweet oppression loads,
 And, by admitting, blunts the sting of woe.
 As reason thus the mental storm seren'd,
 And through the darkness shot her sun-bright ray 40
 That strengthens while it cheers ; behold from far
 Amyntor slow-approaching ! on his front,
 O'er each sunk feature sorrow had diffus'd

Attraction,

Attraction, sweetly sad. His noble port,
 Majestic in distress, Aurelius mark'd;
 And, unresisting, felt his bosom flow
 With social softness. Strait, before the door
 Of his moss-silver'd cell they sat them down
 In counterview : and thus the youth began.

With patient ear, with calm attention, mark
 Amyntor's story : then, as justice sees,
 On either hand, her equal balance weigh,
 Absolve him, or condemn—But oh, may I,
 A father's name, when truth forbids to praise,
 Unblam'd pronounce? that name to every son
 By heaven made sacred; and by Nature's hand,
 With Honour, Duty, Love, her triple pale,
 Fenc'd strongly round, to bar the rude approach
 Of each irreverent thought.—These eyes, alas!
 The curs'd effects of sanguinary zeal
 Too near beheld : its madness how extreme;
 How blind its fury, by the prompting priest,
 Each tyrant's ready instrument of ill,
 Train'd on to holy mischief. Scene abhorr'd!
 Fell Cruelty let loose in Mercy's name :
 Intolerance, while o'er the free-born mind
 Her heaviest chains were cast, her iron scourge
 Severest hung, yet daring to appeal
 That Power whose law is meekness; and, for deeds
 That outrage heaven, belying heaven's command.

Flexile of will, misjudging, though sincere,
 Rolando caught the spread infection, plung'd
 Implicit into guilt, and headlong urg'd

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 267

His course unjust to violence and rage.

Unmanly rage ! when nor the charm divine 75

Of Beauty, nor the Matron's sacred age,

Secure from wrongs could innocence secure,

Found reverence or distinction. Yet, sustain'd

By conscious worth within, the matchless pair

Their threatening fate, imprisonment and scorn 80

And death denounc'd, unshrinking, unsubdued

To murmur or complaint, superior bore,

With patient hope, with fortitude resign'd,

Not built on pride, not courting vain applause ;

But calmly constant, without effort great, 85

What reason dictates, and what heaven approves.

But how proceed, Aurelius ? in what sounds

Of gracious cadence, of assuasive power,

My further story clothe ? O could I steal

From Harmony her softest-warbled strain 90

Of melting air ! or Zephire's vernal voice !

Or Philomela's song, when love dissolves

To liquid blandishment his evening-lay,

All nature smiling round ! then might I speak ;

Then might Amyntor, unoffending, tell, 95

How unperceiv'd and secret through his breast,

As morning rises o'er the midnight-shade,

What first was ow'd humanity to both,

Assisting piety and tender thought,

Grew swift and silent into love for one : 100

My sole offence—if love can then offend,

When virtue lights and reverence guards its flame.

O Theo-

O Theodora ! who thy world of charms,
 That soul of sweetness, that soft glow of youth,
 Warm on thy cheek, and beaming from thine eye, 105
 Unmov'd could see ? that dignity of ease,
 That grace of air, by happy nature thine †
 For all in thee was native ; from within
 Spontaneous flowing, as some equal stream
 From its unfailing source ! and then too seen 110
 In milder lights ; by sorrow's shading hand
 Touch'd into power more exquisitely soft,
 By tears adorn'd, intender'd by distress.
 O sweetness without name ! when Love looks on
 With Pity's melting eye, that to the soul 115
 Endears, ennobles her, whom fate afflicts,
 Or fortune leaves unhappy ! Passion then
 Refines to Virtue : then a purer train
 Of heaven-inspir'd emotions, undebas'd
 By self-regard, or thought of due return, 120
 The breast expanding, all its powers exalt
 To emulate what reason best conceives
 Of love celestial ; whose prevenient aid
 Forbids approaching ill ; or gracious draws,
 When the lone heart with anguish inly bleeds, 125
 From pain its sting, its bitterness from woe !
 By this plain courtship of the honest heart
 To pity mov'd, at length my pleaded vows
 The gentle maid with unreluctant ear
 Would oft admit ; would oft endearing crown 130
 With smiles of kind assent, with looks that spoke,
 In blushing softness, her chaste bosom touch'd

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 269

To mutual love. O fortune's fairest hour!
 O seen, but not enjoy'd, just hail'd and lost
 Its flattering brightness! Theodora's form, 135
 Event unfear'd! had caught Rolando's eye:
 And Love, if wild Desire, of Fancy born,
 By furious passions nurs'd, that sacred name
 Profanes not, Love his stubborn breast dissolv'd
 To transient goodness. But my thought shrinks back,
 Reluctant to proceed: and filial awe, 141
 With pious hand, would o'er a parent's crime
 The veil of silence and oblivious night
 Permitted throw. His impious suit repell'd,
 Aw'd from her eye, and from her lip severe 145
 Dash'd with indignant scorn; each harbour'd thought
 Of soft emotion or of social sense,
 Love, Pity, Kindness, alien to a soul
 That Bigot-rage embosoms, fled at once:
 And all the savage reassum'd his breast. 150
 'Tis just, he cry'd: who thus invites disdain,
 Deserves repulse; he who, by slave-like arts,
 Would meanly steal what force may nobler take,
 And, greatly daring, dignify the deed.
 When next we meet, our mutual blush to spare, 155
 Thine from dissembling, from base flattery mine,
 Shall be my care. This threat, by brutal scorn
 Keen'd and embitter'd, terrible to both,
 To one prov'd fatal. Silent-wasting grief,
 The mortal worm that on Emilia's frame 160
 Had prey'd unseen, now deep through all her powers
 Its poison spread, and kill'd their vital growth.

Sickening,

Sickening, she sunk beneath this double weight
 Of shame and horror.—Dare I yet proceed?
 Aurelius, O most injur'd of mankind! 165
 Shall yet my tale, exasperating, add
 To woe, new anguish? and to grief, despair—
 She is no more—

O Providence severe!

Aurelius smote his breast, and groaning cry'd; 170
 But curb'd a second groan, repell'd the voice
 Of froward grief: and to the Will supreme,
 In justice awful, lowly bending his,
 Nor sigh, nor murmur, nor repining plaint,
 By all the war of nature though assail'd, 175
 Escap'd his lips. What! shall we from heaven's grace
 With life receiving happiness, our share
 Of ill refuse? And are afflictions aught
 But mercies in disguise? th' alternate cup,
 Medicinal though bitter, and prepar'd 180
 By Love's own hand for salutary ends.
 But were they ills indeed; can fond Complaint
 Arrest the wing of Time? Can Grief command
 This noon-day sun to roll his flaming orb
 Back to yon eastern coast, and bring again 185
 The hours of yesterday? or from the womb
 Of that unfounded deep the bury'd corse
 To light and life restore? Blest pair, farewell!
 Yet, yet a few short days of erring grief,
 Of human fondness fighting in the breast, 190
 And sorrow is no more. Now, gentle youth,
 And let me call thee son (for O that name

Thy

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 271

Thy faith, thy friendship, thy true portion borne
Of pains for me, too sadly have deserv'd)
On with thy tale. 'Tis mine, when heaven afflicts, 195
To hearken and adore. The patient man
Thus spoke: Amyntor thus his story clos'd.

As dumb with anguish round the bed of death
Weeping we knelt, to mine she faintly rais'd
Her closing eyes; then fixing, in cold gaze, 200
On Theodora's face—O save my child!
She said; and, shrinking from her pillow, slept
Without a groan, a pang. In hallow'd earth
I saw her shrouded; bade eternal peace
Her shade receive, and, with the truest tears 205
Affection ever wept, her dust bedew'd.

What then remain'd for honour or for love?
What, but that scene of violence to fly,
With guilt profan'd, and terrible with death,
Rolando's fatal roof. Late at the hour, 210
When shade and silence o'er this nether orb
With drowsiest influence reign, the waning moon
Ascending mournful in the midnight-sphere;
On that drear spot, within whose cavern'd womb
Emilia sleeps, and by the turf that veils 215
Her honour'd clay, alone and kneeling there
I found my Theodora! thrill'd with awe,
With sacred terror, which the time, the place,
Pour'd on us, sadly-solemn, I too bent
My trembling knee; and lock'd in her's my hand 220
Across her parent's grave. By this dread scene!
By night's pale regent! By yon glorious train

Of

Of ever-moving fires that round her burn !
 By death's dark empire ! by the sheeted dust
 That once was man, now mouldering here below ! 225
 But chief by her's, at whose nocturnal tomb,
 Reverent we kneel ! and by her nobler part,
 Th' unbody'd spirit hovering near, perhaps,
 As witness to our vows ! nor time, nor chance,
 Nor aught but death's inevitable hand, 230
 Shall e'er divide our loves.—I led her thence :
 To where, safe-station'd in a secret bay,
 Rough of descent, and brown with pendent pines
 That murmur'd to the gale, our bark was moor'd.
 We sail'd—But, O my father ; can I speak 235
 What yet remains ? yon ocean black with storm !
 Its useless sails rent from the groaning pine !
 The speechless crew aghast ! and that lost fair !
 Still, still I see her ! feel her heart pant thick !
 And hear her voice, in ardent vows to heaven 240
 For me alone prefer'd ; as on my arm,
 Expiring, sinking with her fears she hung !
 I kiss'd her pale cold cheek ! with tears adjur'd,
 And won at last, with sums of proffer'd gold,
 The boldest mariners, this precious charge 245
 Instant to save ; and, in the skiff secur'd,
 Their oars across the foamy flood to ply
 With unremitting arm. I then prepar'd
 To follow her—That moment, from the deck,
 A sea swell'd o'er, and plung'd me in the gulph. 250
 Nor me alone : its broad and billowing sweep
 Must have involv'd her too. Mysterious heaven !

My

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 273

My fatal love on her devoted head
 Drew down—it must be so! the judgment due
 To me and mine: or was Amyntor sav'd
 For its whole quiver of remaining wrath?
 For storms more fierce? for pains of sharper sting?
 And years of death to come?—Nor further voice,
 Nor flowing tear his high-wrought grief supply'd:
 With arms outspread, with eyes in hopeless gaze
 To heaven uplifted, motionless and mute
 He stood, the mournful semblance of despair.

The lamp of day, though from mid-noon declin'd,
 Still flaming with full ardor, shot on earth
 Oppressive brightness round; till in soft steam,
 From ocean's bosom his light vapours drawn,
 With grateful intervention o'er the sky
 Their veil diffusive spread; the scene abroad
 Soft-shadowing, vale and plain, and dazzling hill.
 Aurelius, with his guest, the western cliff
 Ascending slow, beneath its marble roof,
 From whence in double stream a lucid source
 Roll'd sounding forth, and, where with dewy wing
 Fresh breezes play'd, sought refuge and repose,
 Till cooler hours arise. The subject isle
 Her village-capital, where health and peace
 Are tutelary gods; her small domain
 Of arable and pasture, vein'd with streams
 That branching bear refreshful moisture on
 To field and mead; her straw-roof'd temple rude,
 Where piety, not pride, adoring kneels,

T

Lay

Lay full in view. From scene to scene around
Aurelius gaz'd; and, sighing, thus began.
Not we alone; alas! in every clime,
The human race are sons of sorrow born.
Heirs of transmitted labour and disease,
Of pain and grief, from fire to son deriv'd,
All have their mournful portion; all must bear
Th' impos'd condition of their mortal state,
Vicissitude of suffering. Cast thine eye
Where yonder vale, Amyntor, sloping spreads
Full to the noon-tide beam its primrose-lap,
From hence due east. Amyntor look'd, and saw,
Not without wonder at a sight so strange,
Where thrice three females, earnest each and arm'd
With rural instruments, the soil prepar'd
For future harvest. These the trenchant spade,
To turn the mold and break th' adhesive clods,
Employ'd assiduous. Those, with equal pace,
And arm alternate, strew'd its fresh lap white
With fruitful Ceres: while, in train behind,
Three more th' incumbent harrow heavy on
O'er-labour'd drew, and clos'd the toilsome task.
Behold! Aurelius thus his speech renew'd,
From that soft sex, too delicately fram'd
For toils like these, the task of rougher man,
What yet necessity demands severe.
Twelve suns have purpled these encircling hills
With orient beams, as many nights along
Their dewy summits drawn th' alternate veil
Of darkness, since, in unpropitious hour,

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 275

The husbands of those widow'd mates, who now
 For both must labour, launch'd, in quest of food,
 Their island-skiff adventurous on the deep.
 Them, while the sweeping net secure they plung'd 315
 The finny race to snare, whose foodful shoals
 Each creek and bay innumerable croud,
 As annual on from shore to shore they move
 In watery caravan; them, thus intent,
 Dark from the south a gust of furious wing, 320
 Upspringing, drove to sea: and left in tears,
 This little world of brothers and of friends!
 But when, at evening-hour, disjointed planks,
 Borne on the surging-tide, and broken oars,
 To fight, with fatal certainty, reveal'd 325
 The wreck before surmiz'd; one general groan,
 To heaven ascending, spoke the general breast
 With sharpest anguish pierc'd. Their ceaseless plaint,
 Through these hoarse rocks, on this resounding shore,
 At morn was heard: at midnight too were seen, 330
 Disconsolate on each chill mountain's height,
 The mourners spread, exploring land and sea
 With eager gaze — till from yon lesser isle,
 Yon round of moss-clad hills, Borera nam'd —
 Full north, behold! above the soaring lark, 335
 Its dizzy cliffs aspire, hung round and white
 With curling mists — at last from yon hoar hills,
 Inflaming the brown air with sudden blaze,
 And ruddy undulation, thrice three fires,
 Like meteors waving in a moonless sky, 340

T 2

Our

Our eyes, yet unbelieving, saw distinct,
 Successive kindled, and from night to night
 Renew'd continuous. Joy, with wild excess,
 Took her gay turn to reign; and Nature now
 From rapture wept: yet ever and anon 345
 By sad conjecture damp'd, and anxious thought
 How from yon rocky prison to release
 Whom the deep sea immures (their only boat
 Destroy'd) and whom th' inevitable siege
 Of hunger must assault. But hope sustains 350
 The human heart: and now their faithful wives,
 With love-taught skill and vigour not their own,
 On yonder field th' autumnal year prepare.

Amyntor, who the tale distressful heard
 With sympathizing sorrow, on himself, 355
 On his severer fate, now pondering deep,
 Rapt by sad thought the hill unheeding left;
 And reach'd, with swerving step, the distant strand.
 Above, around, in cloudy circles wheel'd,
 Or sailing level on the polar gale 360
 That cool with evening rose, a thousand wings,
 The summer-nations of these pregnant cliffs,
 Play'd sportive round, and to the sun outspread
 Their various plumage; or in wild notes hail'd
 His parent-beam that animates and cheers 365
 All living kinds. He, glorious from amidst

A pomp

* The author who relates this story adds, that the produce of grain that season was the most plentiful they had seen for many years before. Vide Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland, p. 286.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 277

A pomp of golden clouds, th' Atlantic flood
 Beheld oblique, and o'er its azure breast
 Wav'd one unbounded blush : a scene to strike
 Both ear and eye with wonder and delight ! 370
 But, lost to outward sense, Amyntor pass'd
 Regardless on, through other walks convey'd
 Of baleful prospect ; which pale Fancy rais'd
 Incessant to herself, and sabled o'er
 With darkest night, meet region for despair ! 375
 Till northward, where the rock its sea-wash'd base
 Projects athwart and shuts the bounded scene,
 Rounding its point, he rais'd his eyes and saw,
 At distance saw, descending on the shore,
 Forth from their anchor'd boat, of men unknown 380
 A double band, who by their gestures strange
 There fix'd with wondering : for at once they knelt
 With hands upheld ; at once, to heaven, as seem'd,
 One general hymn pour'd forth of vocal praise.
 Then, slowly rising, forward mov'd their steps : 385
 Slow as they mov'd, behold ! amid the train,
 On either side supported, onward came
 Pale and of piteous look, a pensive maid ;
 As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
 Or plung'd in grief profound—Oh, all ye powers ! 390
 Amyntor startling, cry'd, and shot his soul
 In rapid glance before him on her face.
 Illusion ! no—it cannot be. My blood
 Runs chill : my feet are rooted here—and see !
 To mock my hopes, it wears her gracious form. 395
 The spirits who this ocean waste and wild

Still hover round, or walk these isles unseen,
 Presenting oft in pictur'd vision strange
 The dead or absent, have yon shape adorn'd,
 So like my love, of unsubstantial air, 400
 Embod' d featur'd it with all her charms—
 And' lo! behold! its eyes are fix'd on mine—
 With gaze transported—Ha! she faints, she falls!
 He ran, he flew: his clasping arms receiv'd
 Her sinking weight—O earth, and air, and sea!
 'Tis she! 'tis Theodora! Power divine,
 Whose goodness knows no bound, thy hand is here,
 Omnipotent in mercy! As he spoke, 410
 Adown his cheek, through shivering joy and doubt,
 The tear fast-falling stream'd. My love! my life!
 Soul of my wishes! sav'd beyond all faith!
 Return to life and me. O fly, my friends,
 Fly, and from yon translucent fountain bring 415
 The living stream. Thou dearer to my soul
 Than all the sumless wealth this sea entombs,
 My Theodora, yet awake: 'tis I,
 'Tis poor Amyntor calls thee! At that name,
 That potent name, her spirit from the verge 420
 Of death recall'd, she trembling rais'd her eyes;
 Trembling, his neck with eager grasp entwin'd,
 And murmur'd out his name: then sunk again;
 Then swoon'd upon his bosom, through excess
 Of bliss unhop'd, too mighty for her frame. 425
 The rose-bud thus, that to the beam serene
 Of morning glad unfolds her tender charms,
 Shrinks and expires beneath the noon-day blaze.

Moments

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 279

Moments of dread suspense—but soon to cease!
 For now, while on her face these men unknown 430
 The stream, with cool asperision, busy cast,
 His eyes beheld, with wonder and amaze,
 Beheld in them—his friends! th' adventurous few,
 Who bore her to the skiff! whose daring skill
 Had sav'd her from the deep! As, o'er her cheek, 435
 Rekindling life, like morn, its light diffus'd
 In dawning purple; from their lips he learn'd,
 How to yon isle, yon round of moss-clad hills,
 Borea nam'd, before the tempest borne,
 These islanders, thrice three, then prison'd there, 440
 (So heaven ordain'd) with utmost peril run,
 With toil invincible, from shelve and rock
 Their boat preserv'd, and to this happy coast
 Its prow directed safe—He heard no more:
 The rest already known, his every sense, 445
 His full-collected soul, on her alone
 Was fix'd, was hung enraptur'd, while these sounds,
 This voice, as of an angel, pierc'd his ear.

Amyntor! O my life's recover'd hope!
 My soul's despair and rapture! — can this be? 450
 Am I on earth? and do these arms indeed
 Thy real form enfold? Thou dreadful deep!
 Ye shores unknown! ye wild impending hills!
 Dare I yet trust my sense? — O yes, 'tis he!
 'Tis he himself! My eyes, my bounding heart, 455
 Confess their living lord! What shall I say?
 How vent the boundless transport that expands
 My labouring thought? th' unutterable bliss,
 Joy, wonder, gratitude, that pain to death

The breast they charm?—Amyntor, O support 460
 This swimming brain: I would not now be torn
 Again from life and thee; nor cause thy heart
 A second pang. At this, dilated high
 The swell of joy, most fatal where its force
 Is felt most exquisite, a timely vent 465
 Now found, and broke in tender dew's away
 Of heart-relieving tears. As o'er its charge,
 With sheltering wing, solicitously good,
 The guardian-genius hovers, so the youth,
 On her lov'd face, assiduous and alarm'd, 470
 In silent fondness dwelt: while all his soul,
 With trembling tenderness of hope and fear
 Pleasingly pain'd, was all employ'd for her;
 The rous'd emotions warring in her breast,
 Attempting, to compose, and gradual fit 475
 For further joy her soft impressible frame.

O happy! though as yet thou know'st not half
 The bliss that waits thee! but, thou gentle mind,
 Whose sigh is pity, and whose smile is love,
 For all who joy or sorrow, arm thy breast 480
 With that best temperance, which from fond excess,
 When rapture lifts to dangerous height its powers,
 Reflective guards. Know then—and let calm thought
 On wonder wait—safe refug'd in this isle,
 Thy god-like father lives! and lo—but curb, 485
 Repress the transport that o'erheaves thy heart;
 'Tis he—look yonder—he, whose reverend steps
 The mountain's side descend!—Abrupt from his
 Her hand she drew; and, as on wings upborne,
 Shot o'er the space between. He saw, he knew, 490

Alto-

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA. 281

Astonish'd knew, before him, on her knee,
 His Theodora ! To his arms he rais'd
 The lost lov'd fair, and in his bosom press'd.
 My father ! — O my child ! at once they cry'd :

Nor more. The rest ecstatic silence spoke, 495
 And Nature from her inmost seat of sense
 Beyond all utterance mov'd. On this blest scene,
 Where emulous in either bosom strove
 Adoring gratitude, earth, ocean, air,
 Around with softening aspect seem'd to smile ; 500
 And heaven, approving, look'd delighted down.

Nor theirs alone this blissful hour : the joy,
 With instant flow, from shore to shore along
 Diffusive ran ; and all th' exulting isle
 About the new-arriv'd was pour'd abroad, 505
 To hope long lost, by miracle regain'd !
 In each plain bosom Love and Nature wept :
 While each a sire, a husband, or a friend,
 Embracing held and kiss'd.

Now, while the song, 510
 The choral hymn, in wildly-warbled notes,
 What Nature dictates when the full heart prompts,
 Best harmony, their grateful souls effus'd
 Aloud to heaven ; Montano, reverend Seer,
 (Whose eye prophetic far through time's abyfs 515
 Could shoot its beam, and there the births of fate,
 Yet immature and in their causes hid,
 Illumin'd see) a space abstracted stood :
 His frame with shivery horror stirr'd, his eyes
 From outward vision held, and all the man 520
 Entranc'd

282 MALLETT'S POEMS.

Entranc'd in wonder at th' unfolding scene,

On fluid air, as in a mirror seen,

And glowing radiant, to his mental sight.

They fly! he cry'd, they melt in air away,

The clouds that long fair Albion's heaven o'ercaft! 525

With tempest delug'd, or with flame devour'd

Her drooping plains: while dawning rosy round

A purer morning lights up all her skies!

He comes, behold! the great deliverer comes!

Immortal William, borne triumphant on,

530

From yonder orient, o'er propitious seas,

White with the sails of his unnumber'd fleet,

A floating forest, stretch'd from shore to shore!

See! with spread wing Britannia's genius flies,

Before his prow; commands the speeding gales

535

To waft him on; and, o'er the hero's head,

Inwreath'd with olive bears the lawrel-crown,

Blest emblem, peace with liberty restor'd!

And hark! from either strand, which nations hide,

To welcome-in true freedom's day renew'd

540

What thunders of acclaim! Aurelius, man

By heaven-below'd, thou too that sacred sun

Shalt live to hail; shalt warm thee in his shine!

I see thee on the flowery lap diffus'd

Of thy lov'd vale, amid a smiling race

545

From this blest pair to spring: whom equal faith,

And equal fondness, in soft league shall hold

From youth to reverend age; the calmer hours

Of thy last day to sweeten and adorn;

Through life thy comfort, and in death thy crown! 555

T O

TO THE
DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH*

525 **Y**OUR Grace has given leave, that these few Poems
should appear in the world under the patronage of
your name. But this leave would have been refused, I
530 know, had you expected to find your own praises,
however just, in any part of the present address. I do
not say it, my Lord, in the stile of compliment. Ge-
nuine modesty, the companion and the grace of true
merit, may be surely distinguished from the affectation of
it: as surely as the native glowing of a fine complexion
535 from that artificial colouring, which is used, in vain,
to supply what Nature had denied, or has resumed.

Yet, permit me just to hint, my Lord, while I re-
strain my pen from all enlargement, that if the fairest
public character must be raised upon private virtue, as
540 surely it must, your Grace has laid already the securest
foundation of the former, in the latter. The eyes of man-
kind are therefore turned upon you: and, from what
you are known to have done, in one way, they reason-
ably look for whatever can be expected from a great
and good man, in the other.

545 The Author of these lighter amusements hopes soon
to present your Grace with something more solid, more
deserving your attention, in the life of the first Duke
of Marlborough †.

You

555 * This dedication was prefixed by the author to a
small collection of his poems published in 1762. N.

0 † A work which has not yet appeared. N.

You will then see, that superior talents for war have been, though they rarely are, accompanied with equal abilities for negotiation: and that the same extensive capacity, which could guide all the tumultuous scenes of the camp, knew how to direct, with equal skill, the calmer but more perplexing operations of the cabinet.

In the mean while, that you may live to adorn the celebrated and difficult title you wear; that you may be, like him, the defender of your country in days of public danger; and in times of peace, what is perhaps less frequently found, the friend and patron of those useful and ornamental arts, by which human nature is exalted, and human society rendered more happy: this, my Lord, is respectfully the wish of

YOUR GRACE'S

most obedient

humble servant.

4 AP 54

TRUTH

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T R U T H,

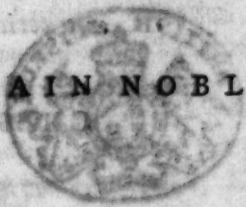
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I N

R H Y M E:

ADDRESS TO

A CERTAIN NOBLE LORD.



H T U K
TO THE AUTHOR OF THE FOLLOWING POEM,

" It has no faults, or I no faults can spy :
" It is all beauty, or in blindness I."

Imprimatur,



.D. R. D. A CERT
STERFIELD.

287

TRUTH IN RHYME.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following extract from his Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament, which, by every man in his dominions, would be thought the noblest introduction to a Poem of the first merit, is peculiarly suitable to introduce this. However unequal these verses may be to the subject they attempt to adorn, this singular advantage will be readily allowed them. It will, at the same time, be the fullest and best explanation of the Author's meaning, on a theme so interesting and uncommon. The words are these :

MARCH 3, 1761.

* * * In consequence of the act passed in the reign of my late glorious predecessor, King William the Third, for settling the succession to the Crown in my Family, the commissions of the Judges have been made during their good behaviour. But, notwithstanding that wise provision, their offices have determined upon the demise of the Crown, or at the expiration of six months afterwards, in every instance of that nature which has happened.

I look upon the independency and uprightness of the Judges of the land as essential to the impartial administration

nistration of Justice; as one to the best securities of the rights and liberties of my loving subjects; and as most conducive to the honour of the Crown. And I come now to recommend this interesting object to the consideration of Parliament; in order that such farther provision, as shall be most expedient, may be made, *for securing the Judges in the enjoyment of their offices, during their good behaviour, notwithstanding any such demise.*

ASTREA, eldest born of Jove,
Whom all the gods revere and love,
Was sent, while man deserv'd their care,
On earth to dwell, and govern there:
Till finding earth by heaven unaw'd,
Till sick of violence and fraud,
Abandoning the guilty crew,
Back to her native sky she flew.
There, station'd in the Virgin-sign,
She long has ceas'd on earth to shine;
Or if, at times, she deigns a smile,
'Tis chief o'er Britain's favour'd isle.

For there—her eye with wonder fix'd!
That wonder too with pleasure mix'd!
She now beheld, in blooming youth,
The Patron of all worth and truth;
Not where the virtues most resort,
On peaceful plains, but in a court!
Not in a cottage, all-unknown;
She found him seated on a throne!

What

What fables paint, what poets sing,
She found in fact—a Patriot-king!

But as a fight, so nobly new,
Deserv'd, she thought, a nearer view;
To where, by silver-streaming Thames,
Ascends the palace of St. James,
Swift through surrounding shades of night,
The goddesses shot her beamy flight.

She stop'd; and the revealing-ray
Blaz'd round her favourite, where he lay,
In sweet repose: o'er all his face,
Repose shed softer bloom and grace!
But fearful lest her sun-bright glare
Too soon might wake him into care,
(For splendid toils and weary state
Are every monarch's envy'd fate)

The stream of circling rays to shroud,
She drew an interposing cloud.

In all the silence of surprize,
She gaz'd him o'er! She saw arise,
For gods can read the human breast,
Her own idea there impress!
And that his plan, to bless mankind,
The plan now brightening in his mind,
May story's whitest page adorn,
May shine through nations yet unborn,
She calls Urbania to her aid.

At once, the fair ethereal maid,
Daughter of Memory and Jove,
Descending quits her laurel'd grove:

Loose to the gale her azure robe ;
 Borne, in her left, a starry globe,
 Where each superior son of fame
 Will find inscrib'd his deathless name ;
 Her right sustains th' immortal lyre,
 To praise true merit, or inspire.

Behold—Astrea thus began—
 The friend of virtue and of man !
 Calm reason see, in early youth !
 See, in a prince, the soul of truth !
 With love of justice, tender sense
 For suffering worth and innocence !
 Who means to build his happy reign
 On this best maxim, wise and plain—
 Though plain, how seldom understood !
 That, to be great, he must be good.
 His breast is open to your eye ;
 Approach, Urania, mark, and try.
 This bosom needs no thought to hide :
 This virtue dares our search abide.

The sacred fountains to secure
 Of Justice, undisturb'd and pure
 From hopes or fears, from fraud or force,
 To ruffle or to stain their course ;
 That these may flow serene and free,
 The law must independent be ;
 Her ministers, as in my sight,
 And mine alone, dispensing right ;
 Of piercing eye, of judgment clear,
 As honour, just, as truth, sincere,

With

With temper, firm, with spirit, sage,
The Mansfields of each future age.

And this prime blessing is to spring
From youth in purple! from a king!
Who, true to his imperial trust,
His greatness founds in being just;
Prepares, like yon ascending sun,
His glorious race with joy to run
And, where his gracious eye appears,
To bless the world he lights and cheers!

Such worth with equal voice to sing,
Urania, strike thy boldest string;
And truth, whose voice alone is praise,
That here inspires, shall guide the lays.
Begin! awake his gentle ear
With sounds that monarchs rarely hear.
He merits, let him know our love,
And you record, what I approve.

She ended: and the heaven-born maid,
With soft surprize, his form survey'd.
She saw what chastity of thought,
Within his stainless bosom wrought;
Then fix'd on earth her sober eye,
And, pausing, offer'd this reply.

Nor pomp of song, nor paint of art,
Such truths should to the world impart.
My task is but, in simple verse,
These promis'd wonders to rehearse:
And when on these our verse we raise,
The plainest is the noblest praise.

Yet more; a virtuous doubt remains:
 Would such a prince permit my strains
 Deserving, but still shunning fame,
 The homage due he might disclaim.
 A prince, who rules, to save, mankind,
 His praise would, in their virtue, find;
 Would deem their strict regard to laws,
 Their faith and worth, his best applause.
 Then, Britons, your just tribute bring,
 In deeds, to emulate your king;
 In virtues, to redeem your age
 From venal views and party-rage.
 On his example safely rest;
 He calls, he courts you to be blest;
 As friends, as brethren, to unite
 In one firm league of just and right.

My part is left; if Britain yet
 A lover boasts of truth and wit,
 To him these grateful lays to send,
 The Monarch's and the Muse's friend;
 And whose fair name, in sacred rhymes,
 My voice may give to latest times.

She said; and, after thinking o'er
 The men in place near half a score,
 To strike at once all scandal mute,
 The goddess found, and fix'd on BUTE.

T O T H E
AUTHOR OF THE PRECEDING POEM.

BY S. J. ESQUIRE.

WELL—now, I think, we shall be wiser,
Cries Grub, who reads the Advertiser,
Here's Truth in Rhyme—a glorious treat!
It surely must abuse the great;
Perhaps the king; — without dispute
'Twill fall most devilish hard on Bute.

Thrice he reviews his parting shilling,
At last resolves, though much unwilling,
To break all rules imbib'd in youth,
And give it up for Rhyme and Truth:
He reads—he frowns—Why, what's the matter?
Damn it—here's neither sense, nor satyr—
Here take it, boy, there's nothing in't:
Such fellows! —to pretend to print!

Blame not, good cit, the poet's rhymes,
The fault's not his, but in the times:
The times, in which a monarch reigns,
Form'd to make happy Britain's plains;
To stop in their destructive course,
Domestic frenzy, foreign force,
To bid war, faction, party cease,
And bless the weary'd world with peace.

The times in which is seen, strange sight !

A court both virtuous and polite,

Where merit best can recommend

And science finds a constant friend.

How then should satyr dare to sport,

With such a king, and such a court,

While Truth looks on with rigid eye,

And tells her, every line 's a lye?

THE DISCOVERY:

Upon reading some Verses, written by a young
Lady at a Boarding-School. September 1760.

APOLLO lately sent to know,

If he had any sours below;

For, by the trash he long has seen

In male and female Magazine,

A hundred quires not worth a groat,

The race must be extinct, he thought.

His messenger to court repairs;

Walks softly with the croud up stairs:

But when he had his errand told,

The courtiers sneer'd, both young and old.

Augustus knit his royal brow,

And bade him let Apollo know it,

That from his infancy till now,

He lov'd nor poetry nor poet.

His next adventure was the Park,
When it grew fashionably dark :
There beauties, boobies, strumpets, rakes,
Talk'd much of commerce, whist, and stakes;
Who tips the wink, who drops the card :
But not one word of Verse or Bard.

The stage, Apollo's old domain,
Where his true sons were wont to reign,
His courier now past frowning by :
Ye modern Durseys, tell us why.

Slow, to the city last he went :
There, all was prose, of cent per cent.
There, alley-omnium, script, and bonus,
(Latin, for which a Muse would stone us,
Yet honest Gideon's classic stile)
Made our poor Nuncio stare and smile.

And now the clock had struck eleven :
The messenger must back to heaven ;
But, just as he his wings had ty'd,
Look'd up Queen-Square, the North-east side.
A blooming creature there he found,
With pen and ink, and books around,
Alone, and writing by a taper :
He read unseen, then stole her paper.
It much amus'd him on his way ;
And reaching heaven by break of day,
He shew'd Apollo what he stole.
The god perus'd, and lik'd the whole :
Then, calling for his pocket-book,
Some right celestial vellum took ;

And what he with a sun-beam there
 Writ down, the Muse thus copies fair:
 " If I no men my sons must call,
 " Here's one fair daughter worth them all:
 " Mark then the sacred words that follow,
 " Sophia's mine"—so sign'd. APOLLO.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR, AND GIVEN IN
 PRINT TO, A BEGGAR.

O MERCY, heaven's first attribute,
 Whose care embraces man and brute:
 Behold me, where I shivering stand;
 Bid gentle Pity stretch her hand
 To want and age, disease and pain,
 That all in one sad object reign.
 Still feeling bad, still fearing worse,
 Existence is to me a curse:
 Yet, how to close this weary eye?
 By my own hand I dare not die:
 And death, the friend of human woes,
 Who brings the last and sound repose;
 Death does at dreadful distance keep,
 And leaves one wretch to wake and weep!

THE

THE
R E W A R D:
O R,

APOLLO'S ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
TO CHARLES STANHOPE.

Written in 1757.

A POLLO, from the southern sky,
O'er London lately glanc'd his eye.
Just such a glance our courtiers throw
At suitors whom they shun to know:
Or have you mark'd th' averted mien,
The chest erect, the freezing look,
Of Bumbo, when a bard is seen
Charg'd with his dedication-book?

But gods are never in the wrong:
What then displeas'd the power of song?

The case was this: Where noble arts
Once flourish'd, as our fathers tell us,
He now can find; for men of parts;
None but rich blockheads and mere fellows;
Since drums and dice and dissipation
Have chac'd all taste from all the nation.
For is there, now, one table spread,
Where sense and science may be fed?
Where, with a smile on every face,
Invited Merit takes his place?

Theſe

These thoughts put Phœbus in the spleen,
(For gods, like men, can feel chagrin)
And left him on the point to shroud
His head in one eternal cloud;
When, lo! his all-discerning eye
Chanc'd one remaining friend to spy,
Just crept abroad, as is his way,
To bask him in the noon-tide ray.

This Phœbus noting, call'd aloud
To every interposing cloud;
And bade their gather'd mists ascend,
That he might warm his good old friend:
Then, as his chariot roll'd along,
Tun'd to his lyre this grateful song.

“ With talents, such as God has given
To common mortals, six in seven;
Who yet have titles, ribbons, pay,
And govern whom they should obey;
With no more frailties than are found
In thousand others, count them round;
With much good-will, instead of parts,
Express'd for artists and for arts;
Who smiles, if you have smartly spoke;
Or nods applause to his own joke;
This bearded child, this grey-hair'd boy,
Still plays with life, as with a toy;
Still keeps amusement full in view:
Wife? Now and then—but oftener new;
His coach, this hour, at Watson's door;
The next, in waiting on a whore.

When-

When'er the welcome tidings ran
Of monster strange, or stranger man,
A Selkirke from his desert-isle,
Or Alligator from the Nile;
He saw the monster in its shrine,
And had the man, next day, to dine.
Or was it an hermaphrodite?
You found him in a two-fold hurry;
Neglecting, for this he-she-fight,
The single charms of Fanny Murray.
Gathering, from suburb and from city,
Who were, who would be, wise or witty;
The full-wigg'd sons of pills and potions;
The bags, of maggot and new notions;
The sage, of microscopic eye,
Who reads him lectures on a fly;
Grave Antiquaries, with their flams;
And Poets, squirting epigrams:
With some few Lords—of those that think,
And dip, at times, their pen in ink:
Nay, Ladies too, of diverse fame,
Who are, and are not, of the game.
For he has look'd the world around,
And pleasure, in each quarter, found.
Now young, now old, now grave, now gay,
He sinks from life by soft decay;
And sees at hand, without affright,
Th' inevitable hour of night."

But here, some pillar of the state,
Whose life is one long dull debate;

Some

Some pedant of the fable gown,
 Who spares no failings, but his own,
 Set up at once their deep-mouth'd hollow :
 Is this a subject for Apollo !
 What ! can the God of wit and verse
 Such trifles in our ears rehearse ?

“ Know, puppies, this man's easy life,
 Serene from cares, unvex'd with strife,
 Was oft employ'd in doing good ;
 A science you ne'er understood :
 And Charity, ye sons of Pride,
 A multitude of faults will hide.
 I, at his board, more sense have found,
 Than at a hundred dinners round.
 Taste, learning, mirth, my western eye
 Could often, there, collected spy :
 And I have gone well-pleas'd to bed,
 Revolving what was sung or said.

“ And he, who entertain'd them all
 With much good liquor, strong and small ;
 With foot in plenty, and a welcome,
 Which would become my Lord of Melcombe *,
 Whose soups and sauces duly season'd,
 Whose wit well-tim'd, and sense well-reason'd,
 Give burgundy a brighter stain,
 And add new flavor to champagne—
 Shall this man to the grave descend,

Unown'd,

* This Poem was certainly written in 1757 ; but the reader has only to remember, that Apollo is the God of Prophecy as well as of Poetry. M ALLET.

THE REWARD.

101

Unown'd, unhonour'd as my friend?

No: by my deity I swear,

Nor shall the vow be lost in air;

While you, and millions such as you,

Are sunk for ever from my view,

And lost in kindred-darkness lye,

This good old man shall never die:

No matter where I place his name,

His love of learning shall be fame.

TYBURN:

T Y B U R N:
TO THE
MARINE SOCIETY.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE design of the Marine Society is in itself so laudable, and has been pursued so successfully for the public good, that I thought it merited a public acknowledgment. But, to take off from the flatness of a direct compliment, I have through the whole poem loaded their institution with such reproaches as will show, I hope, in the most striking manner, its real utility.

By authentic accounts, it appears, that from the first rise of this Society to the present year 1762, they have collected, clothed, and fitted out for the sea-service, 5452 grown men, 4511 boys; in all 9963 persons: whom they have thus not only saved, in all probability, from perdition and infamy, but rendered them useful members of the community; at a time too when their country stood most in need of their assistance.

IT has been, all examples show it,
The privilege of every poet,
From ancient down through modern time,
To bid dead matter live in rhyme;

With

With wit enliven senseless rocks ;
 Draw repartee from wooden blocks ;
 Make buzzards senators of note,
 And rooks harangue, that geese may vote.

These moral fictions, first design'd
 To mend and mortify mankind,
 Old Æsop, as our children know,
 Taught twice ten hundred years ago.
 His fly, upon the chariot-wheel,
 Could all a statesman's merit feel ;
 And, to its own importance just,
 Exclaim, with Bufo, What a dust !
 His horse-dung, when the flood ran high,
 In Colon's air and accent cry,
 While tumbling down the turbid stream,
 Lord love us, how we apples swim !

But farther instances to cite,
 Would tire the hearers' patience quite.
 No : what their numbers and their worth,
 How these admire, while those hold forth,
 From Hide-Park on to Clerkenwell,
 Let clubs, let coffee-houses tell ;
 Where England, through the world renown'd,
 In all its wisdom may be found :
 While I, for ornament and use,
 An orator of wood produce.

Why should the gentle reader stare ?
 Are wooden orators so rare ?
 Saint Stephen's Chapel, Rufus' Hall,
 That hears them in the pleader bawl,

That

That hears them in the patriot thunder,
 Can tell if such things are a wonder.
 So can Saint Dunstan's in the West,
 When good Romaine harangues his best,
 And tells his staring congregation,
 That sober sense is sure damnation ;
 That Newton's guilt was worse than treason,
 For using, what God gave him, reason.

A pox of all this prefacing!

Smart Balbus cries: come, name the thing ;
 That such there are we all agree :
 What is this wood ? Why—Tyburn-tree.

Hear then this reverend oak harangue ;
 Who makes men do so, ere they hang.

Patibulum loquitur.

“ Each thing whatever, when aggriev'd,
 Of right complains, to be reliev'd.
 When rogues so rais'd the price of wheat,
 That few folks could afford to eat,
 (Just as, when doctors' fees run high,
 Few patients can afford to die)
 The poor durst into murmurs break ;
 For losers must have leave to speak :
 Then, from reproaching, fell to mawling,
 Each neighbour-rogue they found forestalling.
 As these again, their knaves and setters,
 Durst vent complaints against their betters ;
 Whose only crime was in defeating
 Their schemes of growing rich by cheating :

So,

So, shall not I my wrongs relate,
An injur'd Minister of state ?
The finisher of care and pain
May, sure, with better grace complain,
For reasons no less strong and true,
Marine Society, of you !
Of you, as every carman knows,
My latest and most fatal foes.

My property you basely steal,
Which ev'n a British oak can feel ;
Feel and resent ! what wonder then
It should be felt by British men,
When France, insulting, durst invade
Their clearest property of trade ?
For which both nations, at the bar
Of that supreme tribunal, war,
To show their reasons have agreed,
And lawyers, by ten thousands, fee'd ;
Who now, for legal quirks and puns,
Plead with the rhetoric of great guns ;
And each his client's cause maintains,
By knocking out th' opponent's brains :
While Europe all—but we adjourn
This wise digression, and return.

Your rules and statutes have undone me :
My surest cards begin to shun me.
My native subjects dare rebel,
Those who were born for me and hell :
And, but for you, the scoundrel-line
Had, every mother's son, died mine.

A race unnumber'd as unknown,
Whom town or suburb calls her own;
Of vagrant love the various spawn,
From rags and filth, from lace and lawn,
Sons of Fleet-ditch, of bulks, of benches,
Where peer and porter meet their wenches,
For neither health nor shame can wean us,
From mixing with the midnight Venus.

Nor let my cits be here forgot:
They know to sin, as well as sot.
When Night demure walks forth, array'd
In her thin negligée of shade,
Late-risen from their long regale
Of beef and beer, and bawdy tale,
Abroad the common-council sally,
To poach for game in lane or alley;
This gets a son, whose first essay
Will filch his father's till away;
A daughter that, who may retire,
Some few years hence, with her own fire:
And, while his hand is on her placket,
The filial virtue picks his pocket.
Change-alley, too, is grown so nice,
A broker dares refine on vice:
With lord-like scorn of marriage-vows,
In her own arms he cuckolds spouse;
For young and fresh while he would wish her,
His loose thought glows with Kitty Fisher;
Or, after nobler quarry running,
Profanely paints her out a Gunning.

Now

Now these, of each degree and sort,
At Wapping dropp'd, perhaps at Court,
Bred up for me, to swear and lie,
To laugh at hell, and heaven defy;
These, Tyburn's regimented train,
Who risk their necks to spread my reign,
From age to age, by right divine,
Hereditary rogues, were mine :
And each, by discipline severe,
Improv'd beyond all shame and fear,
From guilt to guilt advancing daily,
My constant friend the good Old Bailey
To me made over, late or soon ;
I think, at latest, once a moon :
But, by your interloping care,
Not one in ten shall be my share.

Ere 'tis too late your error see,
You foes to Britain, and to me.
To me : agreed—But to the nation ?—
I prove it thus by demonstration.

First, that there is much good in ill,
My great apostle Mandevile
Has made most clear. Read, if you please,
His moral fable of the bees.
Our reverend clergy next will own,
Were all men good, their trade were gone ;
That were it not for useful vice,
Their learned pains would bear no price :
Nay, we should quickly bid defiance
To their demonstrated alliance.

Next, kingdoms are compos'd, we know,
 Of individuals, Jack and Joe.
 Now these, our sovereign lords the rabble,
 For ever prone to growl and squabble,
 The monstrous many-headed beast,
 Whom we must not offend, but feast,
 Like Cerberus, should have their sop:
 And what is that, but trussing up?
 How happy were their hearts, and gay,
 At each return of hanging-day!
 To see * Page swinging they admire,
 Beyond ev'n * Madox on his wire!
 No baiting of a bull or bear,
 To * Perry dangling in the air!
 And then, the being drunk a week,
 For joy, some * Sheppard would not squeak!
 But now that those good times are o'er,
 How will they mutiny and roar!
 Your scheme absurd of sober rules,
 Will sink the race of men to mules;
 For ever drudging, sweating, broiling,
 For ever for the public toiling:
 Hard masters! who, just when they need 'em,
 With a few thistles deign to feed 'em.
 Yet more—for it is seldom known
 That fault or folly stands alone—

You

**** As these are all persons of note, and well known
 to our readers, we think any more particular mention
 of them unnecessary. M ALLET.

You next debauch their infant-mind
With fumes of honourable wind ;
Which must beget, in heads untry'd,
That worst of human vices, pride.
All who my humble paths forsake,
Will reckon, each, to be a Blake !
There, on the deck, with arms a-kimbo,
Already struts the future Bembow !
By you bred up to take delight in
No earthly thing but oaths and fighting.
These sturdy sons of blood and blows,
By pulling Monsieur by the nose,
By making kicks and cuffs the fashion,
Will put all Europe in a passion.
The grand alliance, now quadruple,
Will pay us home, " jusqu' au centuple : "
So the French King was heard to cry—
And can a king of Frenchmen lie ?

These, and more mischiefs I foresee
From fondling brats of base degree.
As mushrooms that on dunghills rise,
The kindred-weeds beneath despise ;
So these their fellows will contemn,
Who, in revenge, will rage at them :
For, through each rank, what more offends,
Than to behold the rise of friends ?
Still when our equals grow too great,
We may applaud, but we must hate.
Then, will it be endur'd, when John
Has put my hempen ribbon on,

To see his ancient mess-mate Cloud,
 By you made turbulent and proud,
 And early taught my tree to bilk,
 Pass in another all of silk?

Yet, one more mournful case to put :
 A hundred mouths at once you shut !
 Half Grub-street, silenc'd in an hour,
 Must curse your interposing power !
 If my lost sons no longer steal,
 What son of hers can earn a meal ?
 You ruin many a gentle bard,
 Who liv'd by heroes that die hard !
 Their brother-hawkers too ! that sung
 How great from world to world they swung ;
 And by sad sonnets, quaver'd loud,
 Drew tears and half-pence from the crowd !

Blind Fielding too—a mischief on him !
 I wish my sons would meet and stone him !
 Sends his black squadrons up and down,
 Who drive my best boys back to town.
 They find that travelling now abroad,
 To ease rich rascals on the road,
 Is grown a calling much unsafe ;
 That there are surer ways by half,
 To which they have their equal claim,
 Of earning daily food and fame :
 So down, at home, they sit, and think
 How best to rob, with pen and ink.

Hence, red-hot letters and essays,
 By the John Lilburn of these days ;

Who guards his want of shame and sense,
With shield of sevenfold impudence.
Hence cards on Pelham, cards on Pitt,
With much abuse and little wit.
Hence libels against Hardwicke penn'd,
That only hurt when they commend :
Hence oft ascrib'd to Fox, at least
All that defames his name-fake-beast.
Hence Cloacina hourly views
Unnumber'd labours of the Muse,
That sink, where myriads went before,
And sleep within the chaos hoar :
While her brown daughters, under ground,
Are fed with politics profound.
Each eager hand a fragment snaps,
More excrement than what it wraps.
These, singly, contributions raise,
Of casual pudding and of praise.
Others again, who form a gang,
Yet take due measures not to hang,
In Magazines their forces join,
By legal methods to purloin :
Whose weekly, or whose monthly, feat is
First to decry, then steal, your treatise.
So rogues in France perform their job ;
Assassinating, ere they rob.

But, this long narrative to close :
They who would grievances expose,
In all good policy, no less,
Should shew the methods to redress.

If commerce, sinking in one scale,
By fraud or hazard comes to fail ;
The task is next, all statesmen know it,
To find another where to throw it,
That, rising there in due degree,
The public may no loser be.
Thus having heard how you invade,
And, in one way, destroy my trade ;
That we at last may part good friends,
Hear how you still may make amends.

O search this sinful town with care :
What numbers, duly mine, are there !
The full-fed herb of money-jobbers,
Jews, Christians, rogues alike and robbers !
Who riot on the poor man's toils,
And fatten by a nation's spoils !
The crowd of little knaves in place,
Our age's envy and disgrace.
Secret and snug, by daily stealth,
The busy vermin pick up wealth ;
Then, without birth, control the great !
Then, without talents, rule the state !

Some ladies too—for some there are,
With shame and decency at war ;
Who, on a ground of pale threescore,
Still spread the rose of twenty-four,
And bid a nut-brown bosom glow
With purer white than lilies know :
Who into vice intrepid rush ;
Put modest whoring to the blush ;

And

And with more front engage a trooper
Than Jenny Jones, or Lucy Cooper.

Send me each mischief-making nibbler;
'Tis equal, senator or scribbler:

Who, on the self-same spot of ground,
The self-same hearers staring round,

Abjure and join with, praise and blame,
Both men and measures, still the same.

Or serve our foes with all their might,
By proving Britons dare not fight:

Slim, flimsy, fiddling, futile elves,
They paint the nation from themselves;
Less aiming to be wise than witty,
And mighty pert, and mighty pretty.

Send me each string—save green and blue—
These, brother Tower-hill, wait for you.

But, Lollius, be not in the spleen;
'Tis only Arthur's Knights I mean—

Not those of old renown'd in fable,
Nor of the round, but gaming table;

Who, every night, the waiters say,
Break every law they make by day;

Plunge deep our youth in all the vice
Attendant upon drink and dice,

And, mixing in nocturnal battles,
Devour each other's goods and chattels;

While from the mouth of magic box,
With curses dire and dreadful knocks,

They fling whole tenements away,
Fling time, health, fame—yet call it play!

Till,

Till, by advice of special friends,
The titled dupe a sharper ends :
Or, if some drop of noble blood
Remains, not quite defil'd to mud,
The wretch, un pity'd and alone,
Leaps headlong to the world unknown !

ZEPHIR:

Z E P H I R:

O R,

T H E S T R A T A G E M.

“Egregiam vero laudem et spolia ampla refertis,
 “Una dola Divûm si Foemina victa duorum est.”

VIRG.

A R G U M E N T.

A certain young lady was surprized, on horse-back,
 by a violent storm of wind and rain from the South-
 west; which made her dismount, somewhat pre-
 cipitately.

TH E god, in whose gay train appear
 Those gales that wake the purple year;
 Who lights up health and bloom and grace
 In Nature's, and in Mira's face;
 To speak more plain, the western wind,
 Had seen this brightest of her kind:
 Had seen her oft with fresh surprize!
 And ever with desiring eyes!
 Much, by her shape, her look, her air,
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar fair;
 More, by the meaning soul that shines
 Through all her charms, and all refines.

Born

Born to command, yet turn'd to please,
 Her form is dignity, with ease:
 Then—such a hand, and such an arm,
 As age or impotence might warm!
 Just such a leg too, Zephir knows,
 The Medicæan Venus shows!

So far he sees; so far admires.
 Each charm is fewel to his fires:
 But other charms, and those of price,
 That form the bounds of Paradise,
 Can those an equal praise command;
 All turn'd by Nature's finest hand?
 Is all the consecrated ground

With plumpness, firm, with smoothness, round.

The world, but once, one Zeuxis saw,

A faultless form who dar'd to draw:

And then, that all might perfect be,

All rounded off in due degree,

To furnish out the matchless piece;

Were rifled half the toasts of Greece.

'Twas Pitt's white neck, 'twas Delia's thigh;

'Twas Waldegrave's sweetly-brilliant eye;

'Twas gentle Pembroke's ease and grace,

And Hervey lent her maiden-face.

But dares he hope, on British ground,

That these may all, in one, be found?

These chiefly that still shun his eye?

He knows not; but he means to try.

Aurora rising, fresh and gay,

Gave promise of a golden day.

Up, with her Sister, Mira rose,
 Four hours before our London beaux;
 For these are still asleep and dead,
 Save Arthur's sons—not yet in bed.
 A rose, impearl'd with orient dew,
 Had caught the passing fair-one's view;
 To pluck the bud he saw her stoop,
 And try'd, behind, to heave her hoop:
 Then, while across the daisy'd lawn
 She turn'd, to feed her milk-white fawn,
 Due westward as her steps she bore,
 Would swell her petticoat, before;
 Would subtly steal his face between,
 To see—what never yet was seen!
 “And sure, to fan it with his wing,
 “No nine-month symptom e'er can bring:
 “His aim is but the Nymph to please,
 “Who daily courts his cooling breeze.”
 But listen, fond believing Maid!
 When Love, soft traitor, would persuade,
 With all the moving skill and grace
 Of practis'd passion in his face,
 Dread his approach, distrust your power—
 For oh! there is one shepherd's hour:
 And though he long, his aim to cover,
 May, with the friend, disguise the lover,
 The sense, or nonsense, of his wooing
 Will but adore you into ruin.
 But, for those butterflies, the beaux,
 Who buzz around in tinsel-rows,

Shake,

Up,

Shake, shake them off, with quick disdain:
Where insects settle, they will stain.

Thus, Zephir oft the Nymph assail'd.

As oft his little arts had fail'd:

The folds of silk, the ribs of whale,

Resisted still his feeble gale.

With these repulses vex'd at heart,

Poor Zephir has recourse to art:

And his own weakness to supply,

Calls in a Brother of the sky,

The rude South-West; whose mildest play

Is war, mere war, the Russian way:

A tempest-maker by his trade,

Who knows to ravish, not persuade.

The terms of their ærial league,

How first to harrahs and fatigue,

Then, found on some remoter plain,

To ply her close with wind and rain;

These terms, writ fair and seal'd and sign'd,

Should Webb or Stukeley wish to find,

Wise antiquaries, who explore

All that has ever pass'd—and more;

Though here too tedious to be told,

Are yonder in some cloud enroll'd,

Those floating registers in air:

So let them mount, and lead them there.

The grand alliance thus agreed,

To instant action they proceed;

For 'tis in war a maxim known,

As Prussia's monarch well has shown,

To break, at once, upon your foe,
 And strike the first preventive blow.
 With Toro's lungs, in Toro's form,
 Whose very how d' ye is a storm,
 The dread South-West his part begun.
 Thick clouds, extinguishing the sun,
 At his command, from pole to pole
 Dark-spreading, o'er the fair-one roll;
 Who, pressing now her favourite steed,
 Adorn'd the pomp she deigns to lead.

O Mira! to the future blind,
 Th' insidious foe is close behind:
 Guard, guard your treasure, while you can;
 Unless this God should be the Man.
 For lo! the clouds, at his known call,
 Are closing round—they burst! they fall!
 While at the Charmer, all-aghast,
 He pours whole winter in a blast:
 Nor cares, in his impetuous mood,
 If natives founder on the flood;
 If Britain's coast be left as bare*
 As he resolves to leave the Fair.
 Here, Gods resemble human breed;
 The world be damn'd—so they succeed.

Pale, trembling, from her steed she fled,
 With silk, lawn, linen, round her head;
 And, to the fawns who fed above,
 Unveil'd the last recess of love.

Each

* The very day on which the fleet under Admiral
 Hawke was blown into Torbay. MALLEY.

Each wondering fawn was seen to bound*,
 Each branchy deer o'erleap'd his mound,
 A fight of that sequester'd glade,
 In all its light, in all its shade,
 Which rises there for wisest ends,
 To deck the temple it defends.

Lo ! gentle tenants of the grove,
 For what a thousand Heroes strove,
 When Europe, Asia, both in arms,
 Disputed one fair Lady's charms.
 The war pretended Helen's eyes †;
 But this, believe it, was the prize.
 This rous'd Achilles' mortal ire,
 This strung his Homer's epic lyre;
 Gave to the world La Mancha's Knight,
 And still makes bulls and heroes fight.

Yet, though the distant conscious Muse
 This airy rape delighted views;
 Yet she, for honour guides her lays,
 Enjoying it, disdains to praise.
 If Frenchmen always fight with odds,
 Are they a pattern for the Gods ?
 Can Russia, can th' Hungarian vampire ‡,
 With whom cast in the Swedes and Empire,
 Can four such powers, who one assail,
 Deserve our praise, should they prevail ?

O mighty

* "Immemor herbarum quos est mirata Juvenca." VIRG.

† "Et fuit ante Helenam," &c. HOR.

‡ A certain mischievous demon that delights much in human blood ; of whom there are many stories told in Hungary. MALLETT.

O mighty triumph! high renown!

Two gods have brought one mortal down;

Have club'd their forces in a storm,

To strip one helpless female form!

Strip her stark naked; yet confess,

Such charms are Beauty's fairest dress!

But, all-insensible to blame,

The sky-born ravishers on flame

Enchanted at the prospect stood,

And kiss'd with rapture what they view'd.

Sleek S * * r too had done no less;

Would parsons here the truth confess:

Nay, one brisk peer, yet all-alive,

Would do the same, at eighty-five *.

But how, in colours softly-bright,

Where strength and harmony unite,

To paint the limbs, that fairer show

Than Massalina's borrow'd snow;

To paint the rose, that, through its shade,

With theirs, one human eye survey'd;

Would gracious Phœbus tell me how,

Would he the genuine draught avow,

The Muse, a second Titian then,

To Fame might consecrate her pen!

That Titian, Nature gave of old

The Queen of Beauty to behold,

Y

Like

* We believe there is a mistake in this reading; for the person best informed and most concerned assures, that it should be only seventy-five. MALLETT.

Like Mira unadorn'd by dress,
But all compleat in nakedness:
Then bade his emulating art
Those wonders to the world impart.
Around the ready Graces stand,
Each heightening stroke, each happy line,
Awakes to life the form divine;
Till, rais'd and rounded every charm,
And all with youth immortal warm,
He sees, scarce crediting his eyes,
He sees a brighter Venus rise!
But, to the gentle Reader's cost,
His pencil, with his life, was lost:
And Mira must contented be,
To live by Ramsay and by me.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

- " Mark it, Cefario, it is true and plain.
 " The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 " And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 " Do use to chant it. It is silly Sooth,
 " And dallies with the innocence of love,
 " Like the old age." SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

I.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
 Fast by a sheltering wood,
 The safe retreat of health and peace,
 An humble cottage stood.

II.

There beautiful Emma flourish'd fair,
 Beneath a mother's eye ;
 Whose only wish on earth was now
 To see her blest, and die.

III.

The softest blush that Nature spreads
 Gave colour to her cheek :
 Such orient colour smiles through heaven,
 When vernal mornings break.

IV.

Nor let the pride of great-ones scorn
 This charmer of the plains :
 That sun, who bids their diamond blaze,
 To paint our lily deigns.

V.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
 Each maiden with despair;
 And though by all a wonder own'd,
 Yet knew not she was fair.

VI.

Till Edwin came, the pride of swains,
 A soul devoid of art;
 And from whose eye, serenely mild,
 Shone forth the feeling heart.

VII.

A mutual flame was quickly caught:
 Was quickly too reveal'd:
 For neither bosom lodg'd a wish,
 That virtue keeps conceal'd.

VIII.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
 Did love on both bestow!
 But bliss too mighty long to last,
 Where fortune proves a foe.

IX.

His Sister, who, like Envy form'd,
 Like her in mischief joy'd,
 To work them harm, with wicked skill,
 Each darker art employ'd.

X.

The Father too, a sordid man,
 Who love nor pity knew,
 Was all-unfeeling as the clod,
 From whence his riches grew.

XI. Long

XI.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
 And seen it long unmov'd :
 Then with a father's frown at last
 Had sternly disapprov'd.

XII.

In Edwin's gentle heart, a war
 Of differing passions strove :
 His heart, that durst not disobey,
 Yet could not cease to love.

XIII.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
 The spreading hawthorn crept,
 To snatch a glance, to mark the spot
 Where Emma walk'd and wept.

XIV.

Oft too on Stanemore's wintery waste,
 Beneath the moonlight-shade,
 In sighs to pour his soften'd soul,
 The midnight-mourner stray'd.

XV.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
 A deadly pale o'ercast :
 So fades the fresh rose in its prime,
 Before the northern blast.

XVI.

The parents now, with late remorse,
 Hung o'er his dying bed ;
 And weary'd heaven with fruitless vows,
 And fruitless sorrow shed.

XVII.

'Tis past! he cry'd—but if your souls
 Sweet mercy yet can move,
 Let these dim eyes once more behold,
 What they must ever love!

XVIII.

She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
 And bath'd with many a tear:
 Fast-falling o'er the primrose pale,
 So morning dews appear.

XIX.

But oh! his sister's jealous care,
 A cruel sister she!
 Forbade what Emma came to say;
 "My Edwin, live for me!"

XX.

Now homeward as she hopeless wept,
 The church-yard path along,
 The blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
 Her lover's funeral song.

XXI.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
 Her startling fancy found
 In every bush his hovering shade,
 His groan in every sound.

XXII.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
 The visionary vale—
 When lo! the death-bell smote her ear,
 Sad sounding in the gale!

-XXII. Just

XXIII.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
 Her aged mother's door—
 He's gone! she cry'd; and I shall see
 That angel-face no more!

XXIV.

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
 Beat high against my side—
 From her white arm down sunk her head;
 She shivering sigh'd, and died.

Extract of a Letter from the Curate of Bowes, in
 YORKSHIRE, on the Subject of the preceding
 Poem.

To Mr. COPPERTHWAITE at MARRICK.

WORTHY SIR,

*** As to the affair mentioned in yours, it hap-
 pened long before my time. I have therefore been
 obliged to consult my clerk, and another person in the
 neighbourhood, for the truth of that melancholy event.
 The history of it is as follows:

THE family-name of the young man was Wrightson;
 of the young maiden Railton. They were both
 much of the same age; that is, growing up to twenty.
 In their birth was no disparity: but in fortune, alas!
 she was his inferior. His father, a hard old man,
 who had by his toil acquired a handsome competency,
 expected and required that his son should marry suitably.

Y 4

But

But as "*amor vincit omnia*," his heart was unalterably fixed on the pretty young creature already named. Their courtship, which was all by stealth, unknown to the family, continued about a year. When it was found out, old Wrightson, his wife, and particularly their crooked daughter Hannah, flouted at the maiden, and treated her with notable contempt. For they held it as a maxim, and a rustic one it is, "that blood was "nothing without groats."

The young lover sickened, and took to his bed about Shrove-Tuesday, and died the Sunday sevennight after.

On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome—when it was too late. But her daughter Hannah lay at his back; to cut them off from all opportunity of exchanging their thoughts.

At her return home, on hearing the bell toll out for his departure, she screamed aloud that her heart was burst, and expired some moments after.

The then curate of Bowes * inserted it in his register, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714. I am,

DEAR SIR,

Yours, &c.

* Bowes is a small village in Yorkshire, where in former times the Earls of Richmond had a castle. It stands on the edge of that vast and mountainous tract, named by the neighbouring people, Stanemore; which is always exposed to wind and weather, desolate and solitary throughout. CAMD. BRIT.

O N T H E D E A T H

O F

L A D Y A N S O N.

ADDRESSED TO HER FATHER. 1761.

O CROWN'D with honour, blest with length of days,

Thou whom the wise revere, the worthy praise ;

Just guardian of those laws thy voice explain'd,

And meriting all titles thou hast gain'd—

Though still the fairest from heaven's bounty flow ;

For good and great no monarch can bestow :

Yet thus, of health, of fame, of friends posses't,

No fortune, Hardwicke, is sincerely blest.

All human-kind are sons of sorrow born :

The great must suffer, and the good must mourn.

For say, can Wisdom's self, what late was thine,

Can fortitude, without a sigh, resign ?

Ah, no ! when Love, when Reason, hand in hand,

O'er the cold urn consenting Mourners stand,

The firmest heart dissolves to soften here :

And Piety applauds the falling tear.

Those sacred drops, by virtuous weakness shed,

Adorn the living, while they grace the dead :

From tender thought their source unblam'd they draw,

By Heaven approv'd, and true to Nature's law.

When

When his lov'd Child the Roman could not save,
 Immortal Tully, from an early grave *,
 No common forms his home-felt passion kept :
 The sage, the patriot, in the parent, wept.
 And O by grief ally'd, as join'd in fame,
 The same thy loss, thy sorrows are the same.
 She whom the Muses, whom the Loves deplore,
 Ev'n she, thy pride and pleasure, is no more :
 In bloom of years, in all her virtue's bloom,
 Lost to thy hopes; and silent in the tomb.

O season mark'd by mourning and despair!
 Thy blasts, how fatal to the Young and Fair!
 For vernal freshness, for the balmy breeze,
 Thy tainted winds came pregnant with disease :
 Sick Nature sunk before the mortal breath,
 That scatter'd fever, agony, and death!
 What funerals has thy cruel ravage spread !
 What eyes have flow'd ! what noble bosoms bled !

Here let Reflection fix her sober view :
 O think, who suffer, and who sigh with you.
 See, rudely snatch'd, in all her pride of charms,
 Bright Granby from a youthful husband's arms !
 In climes far distant, see that husband mourn ;
 His arms revers'd, his recent laurel torn !
 Behold again, at Fate's imperious call,
 In one dread instant blooming Lincoln fall !

See

* Tullia died about the age of two and thirty. She is celebrated for her filial piety ; and for having added, to the usual graces of her sex, the more solid accomplishments of knowledge and polite letters. MALLETT.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY ANSON. 331

See her lov'd Lord with speechless anguish bend !
And, mixing tears with his, thy noblest friend,
Thy Pelham turn on heaven his streaming eye:
Again in her, he sees a brother die !

And he, who long, unshaken and serene,
Had death, in each dire form of terror, seen,
Through worlds unknown o'er unknown oceans tost,
By love subdued, now weeps a comfort lost:
Now, sunk to fondness, all the man appears,
His front dejected, and his soul in tears !

Yet more : nor thou the Muse's voice disdain,
Who fondly tries to soothe a father's pain—
Let thy calm eye survey the suffering ball :
See kingdoms round thee verging to their fall !
What spring had promis'd and what autumn yields,
The bread of thousands, ravish'd from their fields !
See youth and age, th' ignoble and the great,
Swept to one grave, in one promiscuous fate !
Hear Europe groan !—hear all her nations mourn !
And be a private wound with patience borne.

Think too : and reason will confirm the thought :
Thy cares, for her, are to their period brought.
Yes, she, fair pattern to a failing age,
With wit, chastis'd, with sprightly temper, sage ;
Whom each endearing name could recommend,
Whom all became, wife, sister, daughter, friend,
Unwarp'd by folly, and by vice unstain'd,
The prize of virtue has, for ever, gain'd !
From life escap'd, and safe on that calm shore
Where sin and pain and error are no more,

She

She now no change, nor you no fear can feel :
 Death, to her fame, has fix'd th' eternal seal !

A FUNERAL HYMN.

I.

YE midnight shades, o'er Nature spread
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !

In honour of th' approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.

Yes, pour around,

On this pale ground,

Through all this deep surrounding gloom,

The sober thought,

The tear untaught,

Those meetest mourners at a tomb.

II.

Lo ! as the surplic'd train draw near

To this last mansion of mankind,

The slow sad bell, the sable bier,

In holy musings wrap the mind !

And while their beam,

With trembling stream,

Attending tapers faintly dart ;

Each mouldering bone,

Each sculptor'd stone,

Strikes mute instruction to the heart !

III. Now,

III.

Now, let the sacred organ blow,
With solemn pause, and sounding flow;
Now, let the voice due measure keep,
In strains that sigh, and words that weep;
Till all the vocal current blended roll,
Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.

IV.

To lift it in the Maker's praise,
Who first inform'd our frame with breath;
And, after some few stormy days,
Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
No King of Fears
In him appears,
Who shuts the scene of human woes:
Beneath his shade
Securely laid,
The dead alone find true repose.

V.

Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
To One, supremely good and wise,
Raise hallelujahs! God is just,
And man most happy, when he dies!
His winter past,
Fair spring at last
Receives him on her flowery shore;
Where Pleasure's rose
Immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more!

T O M I R A. F R O M T H E C O U N T R Y.

A T this late hour, the world lies hush'd below,
Nor is one breath of air awake to blow.

Now walks mute Midnight, darkling o'er the plain,
Rest, and soft-footed Silence, in his train,
To bless the cottage, and renew the swain.

These all-asleep, me all-awake they find;
Nor rest, nor silence, charm the lover's mind.

Already, I a thousand torments prove,
The thousand torments of divided love:

The rolling thought, impatient in the breast;
The fluttering wish on wing, that will not rest;

Desire, whose kindled flames, undying, glow;
Knowledge of distant-bliss, and present woe;

Unhush'd, unsleeping all, with me they dwell,
Children of absence, and of loving well!

These pale the cheek, and cloud the chearless eye,
Swell the swift tear, and heave the frequent sigh:

These reach the heart, and bid the health decline;
And these, O Mira! these are truly mine.

She, whose sweet smile would gladden all the grove,
Whose mind is music, and whose looks are love;

She, gentle power! victorious softness!—She,
Mira, is far from hence, from love, and me;

Yet, in my every thought, her form I find,
Her looks, her words—her world of charms combin'd!

Sweetness is her's, and unaffected ease;
 The native wit, that was not taught to please.
 Whatever softly animates the face,
 The eye's attemper'd fire, the winning grace,
 Th' unstudy'd smile, the blush that nature warms,
 And all the graceful negligence of charms!
 Ha! while I gaze, a thousand ardours rise;
 And my fir'd bosom flashes from my eyes.
 Oh! melting mildness! miracle of charms!
 Receive my soul within those folding arms!
 On that dear bosom let my wishes rest—
 Oh! softer than the turtle's downy breast!
 And see! where Love himself is waiting near!
 Here let me ever dwell—for heaven is here!

A W I N T E R ' S D A Y.

Written in a STATE OF MELANCHOLY.

NOW, gloomy soul! look out—now comes thy turn;
 With thee, behold all ravag'd nature mourn.
 Hail the dim empire of thy darling night,
 That spreads, slow-shadowing, o'er the vanquish'd light,
 Look out, with joy; the Ruler of the day,
 Faint, as thy hopes, emits a glimmering ray:
 Already exil'd to the utmost sky,
 Hither, oblique, he turn'd his clouded eye.
 Lo! from the limits of the wintry pole,
 Mountainous clouds, in rude confusion, roll:

In dismal pomp, now, hovering on their way,
 To a sick twilight, they reduce the day.
 And hark ! imprison'd winds, broke loose, arise,
 And roar their haughty triumph through the skies,
 While the driven clouds, o'ercharg'd with floods of rain,
 And mingled lightning, burst upon the plain.
 Now see sad earth—like thine, her alter'd state,
 Like thee, she mourns her sad reverse of fate !
 Her smile, her wanton looks—where are they now ?
 Faded her face, and wrapt in clouds her brow !

No more, th' ungrateful verdure of the plain ;
 No more, the wealth-crown'd labours of the swain ;
 These scenes of bliss, no more upbraid my fate,
 Torture my pining thought, and rouse my hate.
 The leaf-clad forest, and the tufted grove,
 Erewhile the safe retreats of happy love,
 Stript of their honours, naked, now appear ;
 This is—my soul ! the winter of their year !
 The little, noisy songsters of the wing,
 All, shivering on the bough, forget to sing.
 Hail ! reverend Silence ! with thy awful brow !
 Be Music's voice, for ever mute—as now :
 Let no intrusive joy my dead repose
 Disturb :—no pleasure disconcert my woes.

In this, moss-cover'd cavern, hopeless laid,
 On the cold cliff, I'll lean my aching head ;
 And, pleas'd with Winter's waste, un pitying, see
 All nature in an agony with me !
 Rough, rugged rocks, wet marshes, ruin'd towers,
 Bare trees, brown brakes, bleak heaths, and rushy moors,

Dead floods, huge cataracts, to my pleas'd eyes—

(Now I can smile!)—in wild disorder rise:

And now, the various dreadfulneſs combin'd,

Black melancholy comes, to doze my mind.

See! Night's wiſh'd ſhades riſe, ſpreading through
the air,

And the lone, hollow gloom, for me prepare!

Hail! ſolitary ruler of the grave!

Parent of terrors! from thy dreary cave!

Let thy dumb ſilence midnight all the ground,

And ſpread a welcome horror wide around.—

But hark!—a ſudden howl invades my ear!

The phantoms of the dreadful hour are near.

Shadows, from each dark cavern, now combine,

And ſtalk around, and mix their yells with mine.

Stop, flying Time! reſoſe thy reſtleſs wing;

Fix here—nor haſten to reſtore the ſpring;

Fix'd my ill fate, ſo fix'd let winter be—

Let never wanton ſeaſon laugh at me!

P R O L O G U E
TO THE MASQUE OF BRITANNIA.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK *, 1755.

in the character of a Sailor, fuddled
and talking to himself.

He enters, singing,

“ How pleasant a sailor’s life passes—”

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow!
A sailor, half seas o’er—’s a pretty fellow!

What cheer ho? * Do I carry too much sail?

* *to the pit.*

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale *—

* *he staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly though—the vessel seems to heel:

Steady! my boy—she must not shew her keel.

And now, thus ballasted—what course to steer?

Shall I again to sea—and bang Mounseer?

Or stay on shore, and toy with Sall and Sue—

Dost love ’em, boy?—By this right hand, I do!

A well-rigg’d girl is surely most inviting:

There’s nothing better, faith—save flip and fighting:

For shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,

Or lower our flag to slavery and soop?

What! shall these parly-vous make such a racket,

And we not lend a hand, to lace their jacket?

Still shall Old England be your Frenchman’s butt?

Whene’er he shuffles, we should always cut.

I ’ll

* Some of the lines too were written by him.

I'll to 'em, faith—Avaft—before I go—
Have I not promis'd Sall to fee the ſhow?

** Pulls out a play-bill.*

From this ſame paper we ſhall underſtand
What work 's to-night—I read your printed hand!
But, firſt reſreſh a bit—for faith I need it—
I'll take one ſugar-plumb *—and then I'll read it,

** Takes ſome tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara,
which was acted that evening.*

At the The-atre Royal—Drury Lane—
will be preſen-ta-ted a Tragedy called—

S A R A H.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah—Then our Sall may ſee
Her nameſake's Tragedy: and as for me,
I'll ſleep as ſound, as if I were at ſea.

}
}

To which will be added—a new Maſque.

Zounds! why a Maſque? We ſailors hate grimaces:
Above-board all, we ſcorn to hide our faces.
But what is here, ſo very large and plain?
Bri-ta-nia—oh Britania!—good again—
Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I ſwear,
Tom Coxen, and the crew, ſhall ſtrait be there.
All free-born ſouls muſt take Bri-ta-nia's part,
And give her three round cheers, with hand and heart!

going off, he ſtops.

I wiſh you landmen, though, would leave your tricks,
Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:
And, like us, honeſt tars, drink, fight, and ſing!
True to yourſelves, your country, and your king!

I N.

INSCRIPTION FOR A PICTURE.

WITH no one talent that deserves applause ;
 With no one awkwardness that laughter draws ;
 Who thinks not, but just echoes what we say ;
 A clock, at morn, wound up, to run a day :
 His larum goes in one smooth, simple strain ;
 He stops : and then, we wind him up again.
 Still hovering round the fair at fifty-four,
 Unfit to love, unable to give o'er ;
 A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,
 Awake to buz, but not alive to sting ;
 Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can ;
 The teasing ghost of the departed man.

S O N G . T O A S C O T C H T U N E .

M A R Y S C O T .

I.

WH E R E Thames, along the daisy'd meads,
 His wave, in lucid mazes, leads,
 Silent, slow, serenely flowing,
 Wealth on either shore bestowing ;
 There, in a safe, though small retreat,
 Content and Love have fix'd their seat :
 Love, that counts his duty, pleasure ;
 Content that knows, and hugs his treasure.

II.

From art, from jealousy secure ;
 As faith unblam'd, as friendship pure ;
 Vain opinion nobly scorning,
 Virtue aiding, life adorning.

Fair

Fair Thames, along thy flowery side,
 May those whom truth and reason guide,
 All their tender hours improving,
 Live like us, belov'd and loving!

TO MR. THOMSON,

On his publishing the SECOND EDITION
 of his POEM, called WINTER.

CHarm'd, and instructed, by thy powerful song,
 I have, unjust, with-held my thanks too long:
 This debt of gratitude, at length, receive,
 Warmly sincere, 'tis all thy friend can give.

Thy worth new lights the Poet's darken'd name,
 And shews it, blazing, in the brightest fame.
 Through all thy various Winter, full are found
 Magnificence of thought, and pomp of sound,
 Clear depth of sense, expression's heightening grace,
 And goodness, eminent in power, and place!
 For this, the wise, the knowing few, commend
 With zealous joy—for thou art Virtue's friend:
 Ev'n age, and truth severe, in reading thee,
 That heaven inspires the Muse, convinc'd, agree.

Thus I dare sing of merit, faintly known,
 Friendless—supported by its self alone:
 For those, whose aided will could lift thee high,
 In fortune, see not with Discernment's eye.
 Nor place, nor power, bestows the sight refin'd;
 And wealth enlarges not the narrow mind.

How

How could'st thou think of such, and write so well?
 Or hope reward, by daring to excell?
 Unskilful of the age! untaught to gain
 Those favours, which the fawning base obtain!
 A thousand shameful arts, to thee unknown,
 Falsehood, and Flattery, must be first thy own.
 If thy lov'd country lingers in thy breast,
 Thou must drive out th' unprofitable guest:
 Extinguish each bright aim, that kindles there,
 And centre in thyself thy every care.

But hence that vileness—pleas'd to charm mankind,
 Cast each low thought of interest far behind:
 Neglected into noble scorn—away
 From that worn path, where vulgar Poets stray:
 Inglorious herd! profuse of venal lays!
 And by the pride despis'd, they stoop to praise!
 Thou, careless of the statesman's smile or frown,
 Tread that strait way, that leads to fair renown.
 By Virtue guided, and by Glory fir'd,
 And, by reluctant Envy, slow admir'd,
 Dare to do well; and in thy boundless mind,
 Embrace the general welfare of thy kind:
 Enrich them with the treasures of thy thought,
 What Heaven approves, and what the Muse has taught.
 Where thy power fails, unable to go on,
 Ambitious, greatly will the good undone.
 So shall thy name, through ages, brightening shine,
 And distant praise, from worth unborn, be thine;
 So shalt thou, happy! merit heaven's regard,
 And find a glorious, though a late reward.

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END OF MALLETT'S POEMS.

